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Librarians



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Due to restructuring of the Institute Library Service a number of vacancies for non-professional staff will arise from 1 September 1984:-

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All salaries inclusive of London Allowances. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by writing to: R A Fenwick, Assistant Secretary, Roehampton Institute of Higher Education, Digby Stuart College, Roehampton Lane, London SW16 6PH. The closing date for applications is 30 July 1984. (3885)

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The post will be the first point of contact for the software house developing the system and will also provide the main link with RIBA computer and house staff.

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Further details are available from the RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London W1N 4AD. Telephone: 01-580 5533, Ext. 258. (3887)

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University of St Andrews

University Library
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Further information may be obtained from the Librarian, University of St Andrews, 117-119 Fawcett Street, St Andrews, Fife KY16 9SS. Applications, together with the names of three referees, not later than 30 July 1984.

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Further information may be obtained from the Librarian, University of Aston in Birmingham, 4th Floor, 117-119 Fawcett Street, St Andrews, Fife KY16 9SS. Tel: 0704 12411. Quoting ref: 3890.

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The appointment is for twelve months from October 1984 or January 1985. Salary will be in the range £3,510-£7,350 (under review).

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Qualifications: Highly Desirable: An appropriate tertiary qualification or relevant professional training in conservation and restoration.

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APPLICATIONS detailing qualifications, experience and including the names and addresses of at least two professional referees should be forwarded by 28 August 1984 to the Personnel Manager, Ministry for the Arts, 188 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, 3000.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION regarding this position contact Mrs Susan Acutt, Director, Management Services, State Library of Victoria, 328 Swanston Street, Melbourne, 3000. Telephone: Australia (Melbourne) 669 8851. (3895)

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Public & University

University of Warwick

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TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

FRIDAY 13 JULY 1984 No 4,241 60p

Hugh Kenner: Joyce's 'Ulysses' restored
Richelieu and Olivares
Plato's unwritten philosophy
Britain, Cyprus and the Turkish invasion
The early history of Sikhism
German Jewry's secret ambassador
Poems by Joseph Brodsky and C. H. Sisson



Despair and beyond

Arnold Whittall

CHRISTOPHER PALMER (Editor)
The Britten Companion
485pp. Faber. £25 (paperback, £9.95).
0571 131476

Naturally enough, the nineteen contributors to *The Britten Companion* are all enthusiasts, and some are not afraid to make large claims for their subject. For example, Peter Porter writes: "Not since the days when musician and poet were the same person has there been a great composer whose art is as profoundly bound up with words as Benjamin Britten's." Yet Britten shared with many other composers a profound dislike of words about music, and so it is appropriate (if frustrating) that writing about his works should deal at least as much with his chosen texts and dramatic themes as with his compositional techniques.

As early as 1947, in an essay on *Albert Herring* reprinted here, Erwin Stein complained "I really wonder why people in judging an opera speak so much about the libretto . . . and so little about the musical form." One answer is that to speak about librettos is to avoid the kind of technicalities that may please a few specialists, but deter many general readers. Another is that, in Britten's case, it is still too soon to offer the kind of comprehensive technical interpretation which will arouse the widest interest — that is, of the manuscript evidence for particular creative processes and decisions. One relatively small-scale result of explorations in the Aldeburgh archives — Philip Brett's work on the genesis of *Peter Grimes* — has appeared, and on the biographical side we have Donald Mitchell's *Britten and Auden in the Thirties*. But this kind of archival work is still in its early stages. Meanwhile, technical analysis which concerns itself with the musical processes deducible from completed, printed scores has already made great strides, and even though Britten himself expressed deep scepticism about the need for such analysis, its relevance to the enhanced enjoyment of the music is proved, and acknowledged, by *The Britten Companion* itself. Even so, the *Companion's* own concern is the general reader rather than the specialist, and the contributors tend on the whole to support the editor's own evident preference for what the 1952 Britten Symposium (edited by Mitchell and Hans Keller) termed "The Musical Atmosphere" — the subject-matter as expressed through the music.

The bulk of the volume consists of chronological surveys of the operas and the various other vocal and instrumental genres, in a mixture of reprinted and newly written material. Philip Brett may be too reluctant to explore possible ambivalences in *Billy Budd*; Wilfrid Mellers too willing to ignore possible weaknesses in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Graham Johnson too ready to lapse into programmaticity in his discussion of the works for voice and piano; some chapters convey a rather dispiriting blandness, avoiding controversy as scrupulously as they avoid probing at all deeply beneath the musical surface. But one can see why. It is difficult, in short surveys, to achieve the kind of cogent commitment which distinguishes Peter Porter's contribution, "Composer and Poet": to avoid seeming either heated at one extreme, or tepid at the other.

Of the *Companion's* four parts, only the first, "Perspectives", is as much about the man as the music. Rosamund Strode's "Working for Britten" depicts with great clarity a man for whom success meant a constant struggle to harmonize the public demands of a life as performer, festival director and fulfiller of commissions, with the private world of contact between musical mind and manuscript paper. "Early in 1966," Miss Strode writes, "when an unexpected abdominal operation forced him to break off the composition of *The Burning Fiery Furnace* for a few weeks, he told me that one night he had counted up the number of jobs dependent on him that summer — having reached around sixty he'd stopped counting out of fright." This account gains poignancy when we read Robin Holloway's judgment in a later chapter that in *The Burning Fiery Furnace* "too much is a pale replay of the predecessor" (*Curlew River*).

Knowing the circumstances in which the

second church opera was composed helps to explain the protectiveness of the circle around Britten, and it is natural that those who knew him well during his lifetime should remain protective of his reputation after his death. It would be startling indeed if a lifelong advocate like Donald Mitchell should suddenly take to expressing serious reservations about the whole nature and quality of Britten's achievement. But Mitchell's informed advocacy steers clear of both blinkered eulogizing and timid reverence. In a new version of his radio-script/sleeve-note on *Death in Venice*, a point of view — that Britten's last opera is "a *chef d'oeuvre* of the first rank" — is offered persuasively, but without special pleading or over-emphasis. The purpose is not to survey and evaluate all possible pros and cons, but to pin down and communicate a personal response.

Other contributors confront the need to distinguish between relative success and failure. No one is likely to dispute Anthony Milner's view that the *Cantata Misericordium* "has neither the excitement of the *Cantata Academica* nor . . . the urgency of the *War Requiem*". More controversial, as suggested earlier, is Robin Holloway's belief that in *The Burning Fiery Furnace* and *The Prodigal Son* "the sense of genre has become distinctly dutiful, and the musical impulse tired". Holloway argues briefly but lucidly that Britten's urge to economy and restraint did not invariably yield the unsparing intensity of his greatest work. Whether that loss of intensity is as great in the second and third church operas as elsewhere is of course a matter for debate, but it is surprising to find the editor, in a later chapter, seeking to dismiss overall Holloway's criticism of Britten's "inability to let go", and his occasional "thinness". I suspect that the kind of impassioned adulation which Palmer's own contributions to the *Companion* display may arouse at least as much resistance, in all but the most besotted Brittenites, as Holloway's arguments do in Palmer himself. He also indulges in the kind of amateur psychology which has long been commonplace — even before Britten's homosexuality could be acknowledged — and which, in moderation, has its place. Here it is overdone. In particular, it is surely misguided to insist, as Palmer does, on Britten's "childlikeness", as if this were something unique, admirable, itself a kind of artistic triumph. One is reminded of the heated peroration to Ronald Duncan's *Working with Britten*. But Duncan, for all his exaggerations and inaccuracies, struck deeper with his claim that Britten "had compassion for others; unhappily, he had none for himself". An oversimplified view of the man, however sympathetic, can easily lead to

sweeping, sentimental statements about his work. So, for Palmer, Britten's pessimism is all-pervading, and he would have us believe that "perhaps the truest lesson *Grimes* has to teach us is that of the vanity of all human endeavour". No more than that? Great works of art are surely not very persuasive demonstrations of such "vanity".

Palmer's best chapter is his rhapsodic but absorbing survey of things Venetian, "Towards a Genealogy of *Death in Venice*", in which his wide literary knowledge and enthusiasm for comparisons produce genuine insights. He remains more interested in coincidence than contrast: after all, Venice is not merely South to Aldeburgh's North, but a place quite without those tides "that wait for no man", and that make the Suffolk coast such a fit place for moralizing local preachers and puritanical lynch-mobs. Palmer's tangle of reactions to La Serenissima — Symonds, Housman, James, Pater among others — is neatly done, but he finds no room for Ruskin or, more surprisingly, for Thomas Hardy, who visited "the phantom city" in 1887. (The description is from Emma Hardy's diary.)

Britten's Hardy settings, *Winter Words*, are generally agreed to be among his finest achievements. For Peter Porter the final song, "Before Life and After", is "the greatest single song Britten wrote". The poem, says Porter, "distils a love of nescience well beyond the ordinary compass of despair". To see Britten's greatness primarily in terms of his uncanny ability to face and shape such pain is the usual, generally most plausible way of encapsulating the essence of his disturbing genius, and it is an interpretation which *The Britten Companion* consistently presents. Yet there is, occasionally, an even more haunting, more "adult" and perhaps more satisfying greatness, which is most memorably expressed in the vocal piece which I would offer as an alternative to "Before Life and After" as Britten's greatest: the setting of Shakespeare's Sonnet 43 which ends the Nocturne of 1958. As Wilfrid Mellers writes, "it is one of the few things of a hymn to renewal; and it shows that Britten, like Mahler, did at times have a vision which reached beyond despair, beyond 'the disease of feeling'. As a whole *The Britten Companion* does less than justice to the composer's ability to reach such heights while observing his own injunction to 'tear all the waste away'. But its best chapters, stressing how, in so much of Britten's music, tragedy is memorably, unsparingly delineated, stimulate renewed immersion in the music through which this unsettling but riveting greatness is achieved.

As she is played

Robert Donington

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HARVARD
University Press
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— Will he not see reborn in her, with the memory of his own youth added, another image?
Do you know what you are talking about? Love, yes. Word known to all men. *Amplius verticalis alicui bonum vult unde et ea quae concupiscimus.*

So a circuit is completed when in "Circe" he (eagerly) asks his mother's ghost, "Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men." Before the lost phrases were given back to us, that appeal connected with nothing.

The last quotation also illustrates a general principle. In his holographs, Joyce deeply indented paragraphs of narration and interior monologue, but the dash that introduces reported speech he did not indent but wrote flush with the left margin. This was so contrary to continental usage there was no way to make a French printer reproduce it. Yet it is intrinsic to the conception of a book where narrator and reader are granted no privileged aloofness from the vocal antics. We and Dickens, for example, are secure in our superiority to Pecksniff; Pecksniff when he opens his mouth can but confirm by his every trick of idiom the moral limitations we and Dickens cozily perceive. So we and Dickens enjoy a mutuality. Joyce will never permit. Joyce, it is well known, disliked the look of quotation marks. We may now join Colin MacCabe in suspecting that he disliked even more their air of fencing off and exhibiting speech. The novelists of class-ridden England thought of speech as the means by which people gave themselves away, and grew adept at phonetic renditions. But despite the multiplicity of Dublin dialects, Joyce employs phonetics only when an Irishman is imitating a foreigner, English or American, or when what is being recorded or remembered is not speech but song. And whatever the complexity of *Ulysses* he will not let his reader feel safely intimate with a benign intelli-

gence at the book's centre. What he wanted is what we're shown in the new edition: the dash for a speech, less visible than the indent for a real paragraph. Only in "Circe", where you can seldom believe they were spoken, can your eye pick out speeches easily from the page. Speech and narrative cede flow to one another unobtrusively, the narrator's but another voice amid voices. That surly dog the dramatized narrator of "Cyclops" is less exceptional than he appears.

The decision to restore the flush-left dash *passim* runs counter to a cautious bibliographical maxim that what the author has passed in proof has authority. Joyce after all passed hundreds of proofsheets with the dash indented. Another maxim states that the latest reading we have in the author's hand is the one we are bound by. On that principle we'd be stuck with *La causa è santa* for the Meyerbeer fragment. And what of the moment when, on the third set of "Ithaca" proofs, Joyce inserted a sarrago of calendrical lore copied from inside the front cover of Thom's 1904 directory, then added on his own, in a holograph that survives, "MXMIV"? Professor Gabler, correctly I think, has emended to "MCMIV", with a note that there were no further proofs on which it could have been corrected. Elsewhere, though, as with the unindented dash, he hasn't been intimidated by any number of proofs. For, despite responsible efforts to make the editing seem maximally scientific (the buzzword is "critical"), there's no concealing the final court of appeal: scrupulous informed judgment. Editing is not a science and a computer couldn't have done it. Critical science, with computer assistance, can do no more than array the often intricate evidence.

In saying that I think the "MCMIV" emendation correct, I am dismissing arguments erected by people I respect, notably by

Professor Patrick McCarthy, pertaining to the "unreliable narrator" of "Ithaca". (But if you prefer that version, the evidence is preserved in the textual notes.) Weighty issues, as Sherlock Holmes said, can hang upon a bootlace; likewise upon one letter of the alphabet. Written language can do but two things: make a list, tell a story. Blindly "scientific" editing gravitates toward listwork. There is security in lists. But behind Gabler's virtuosic performance lie reconstructed stories and his confidence in their details, a confidence he asks us to share.

For example: in the text we've always had, Bloom's budget for the day puts the price of a cake of Fry's Chocolate at a penny, 0-0-1; that had been typist number three's substitution for a shilling, 0-1-0. In making his list of errata for the second Paris impression, Joyce did not change the price of chocolate but instead altered the newly erroneous subtotal, to 0-17-5. Was Joyce conceding that Fry's chocolate was for a penny? Should editor, like author, leave the price and change the sum? Gabler says not. "The sum of 0-17-5 which [Joyce] thereby leaves in Bloom's pockets would comprise pennies — and this cannot be, for Bloom has given his last coppers — literally 'the last of the Mohicans' — in payment at the cabman's shelter." So in the new text the price of chocolate reverts to a shilling, and Bloom's pocket-money to 0-16-6.

That overrides the author's latest inscription. I don't know how it agrees with 1904 chocolate prices. But it evidently corresponds not only with a *Ulysses* cross-reference but with a scenario whereby (1) the typist didn't correct an error of fact but simply made a mistake; (2) Joyce didn't see the error in the list but caught the resulting fault in the arithmetic, having (3), when he wrote of "the last of the Mohicans", and then made the original list, had all his wits about him, whereas when he saw to the errata

the coal had faded. Confidence in such a list is what underlies the emendation.

That is the governing principle of the emended *Ulysses*, and some of the stories it tells are far too intricate to summarize here. We come back repeatedly to an arcane mine of principle and judgment, and some of its judgments are sure to be disputed. How disputable, though, they are never capricious. Their basis is always an effort to reconstruct on evidence not always as full as we'd wish incidents in an intricate 1914-21 story.

The late John Hayward, many years ago complained that whereas T. S. Eliot claimed to have given him "the first copy off the press" of *Four Quartets*, the copy in question contained an emendation inserted late in the press run. The formidable Fredson Bowers, Professor of Bibliography at the University of Virginia, received the complaint and addressed himself to it. What, he bade Mr Hayward imagine, had become of the first sheet off the press? Yet it rested at the bottom of the pile of proof sheets. Which sheet, then, did the binder use first? The one at the top of the pile, the fore the last one printed. Hence Mr Hayward's perplexity. The first copy from the binder, the last from the press. What Professor Bowers did was to reconstruct a story, with agendum: imputing physical things. Bowers was Professor Gabler's mentor, and his lessons have been taken to heart: however intricate the chain of reasoning, see that it hangs together as a story. So far, I've found only one editorial decision I deplore. "I wouldn't do anything at all in the line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined many a man the same horses." Into that beautiful untainted sequence a typescript, allegedly "copied from a lost final working draft", introduced a comma after "man". The edition accepts this comma as authorial. Now there is one story simply don't believe.

that made up *The Problem of Style* (Murry's best critical production), which are swamped by his fears for her worsening health.

His belief in literature was total but not so blind that he was unable to see the escalating tragedy of their lives. The thinness of the letters is brought into perspective when she asks him to comment on the literary value of her notebook. "You see it's appallingly difficult for me to write about it," he replies. "I can't be objective about Holes, or Pulmonary Tuberculosis." It seemed to him a dishonesty or an evasion to indulge in conventional literariness at such a time. Indeed such silences seem to offer his finest feelings and the combination of literary commitment and distrust is a profound indication both of Murry as an intimate correspondent and as a painfully undeceived modern literary sensibility. In a telling editorial from their modernist periodical *Rhythm*, Murry and Mansfield wrote a condemnation of the notion of "inspiration". It falsely implied that artistry was a "gift" and not a "conquest", they argued, and thereby denied the struggle and the "triumph of individuality" that is the artist's great personal achievement. It was this struggle which the public wished to ignore but which Murry, during these years, always had before his eyes.

The letters have been sensibly edited and divided into sections prefaced by a contextualizing biographical note. Murry's letters are keyed to Mansfield's and to the other letters and reminiscences of the members of this circle. There are glosses enough to disabuse even the most ignorant reader. Scholarly qualities are also evident in C. A. Hankin's other publication: a critical study of Katherine Mansfield's stories. It is a study of the full oeuvre, beginning with the early life and juvenile, offering separate chapters on the best known stories and following a well-established biographical line. The stories are placed in a "confessional" tradition and tensions of family, personality and sexuality which they seem to suggest are relentlessly tracked down. The subject may invite a psychological approach, but it is doubtful whether such an approach is best suited to communicating the subtlety of structure and intent, the intensity and cleverness of detail and the self-conscious modernity of a work like "Prelude".

An epistolary romance

Richard Brown

C. A. HANKIN (Editor)
The Letters of John Middleton Murry to Katherine Mansfield
394pp. Constable. £9.95.
009 4629501
C. A. HANKIN
Katherine Mansfield and her Confessional Stories
271pp. Macmillan. £20.
0333 315367

It is more than fifty years since John Middleton Murry first published Katherine Mansfield's *Journal and Letters*, causing something of a stir for having exposed personal material that some felt should have been kept private. Nowadays an editor is more likely to be penalized for failing to publish every detail that might be considered significant, and it is no surprise to see such a full volume of the letters Murry wrote to her during frequent separations throughout their eleven-year love affair.

There is no question that these letters are interesting and important but it is perhaps inevitable that not all of them are unquestionably well written, particularly when read beside Katherine's powerful and elegant offerings. She describes, while he tends merely to recount the events and personalities he encounters, a disparity which he frequently, self-deni-gratingly admits. It is not that there aren't meetings with "Lorenzo" (Lawrence) and the "Woolves" but that his commentary on them is uninspired. He spent Christmas of 1915 with Ottoline Morrell, Bertrand Russell and Clive Bell, for example, but has nothing to say beyond the self-protective aside "Feasts of intellect, I don't think".

The public events of those years, which set him working as a translator for the War Office (on top of his *TLS* reviewing), pass without discussion, aside from a brief observation on Woodrow Wilson and Versailles. He mentions his reading, but only infrequently, and offers little insight into the orientation and development of his critical ideas. It is a sense of literature slowly dawning on him (rather than any new insight into the achievement of particular authors) that comes across, as he reads Col-

bridge on Shakespeare in 1919, despairs his fondness for the great Russians, or expresses his admiration for Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*. His comments on his own editorial ventures, *Rhythm*, *The Blue Review* and *The Athenaeum*, are workaday. We have to wait a long time for his first enthusiastic editorial "discovery", and then, to Katherine's evident disappointment, it is Edmund Blunden that is discovered. There is little of interest in Murry's response to the damning criticisms of his novels or in his naive ambitions for his own poetry. When he writes to Katherine about her stories his praise is generous and his advice is often critically sound (reminding her that her talent is Chekhovian rather than Dickensian), but such letters would hardly have been the place for criticism of a more penetrating and exacting kind.

Waking

May has her beauties like another month;
Even June has her pleasures. I lie here,
'The insistent thrush does not trouble me.
Nor the slight breeze: a tree stump looks like a cat.
Yet all is not altogether well
Because of memory: crowd round me here
Rather, you ghosts who are to drink of Lethe.
Who else would go back to the upper world
Or take again the nerve-strings of the body
Or will to suffer grief and fear again?
Once I did; and the echo still comes back,
Not from the past only — which I could bear —
But from the young who set out hopefully
To find a bitter end where they began
And evil with the face of charity.
I have seen some such and do not want
Ever again to pass along the road
Where blind beggars hold out their hands for coin
And saints spit in their palms. This I have seen
And shall see if I wake from sleeping now.

C. H. Sisson

The legend of the League

Norman Gash

NORMAN LONGMATE
The Breadstallers: The fight against the Corn Laws, 1838-1846
 270pp. Temple Smith. £14.50.
 0 85117 245 8

It matters little, ran the old saying, who writes the laws of a country provided one can make its ballads. Substitute history for laws and myths for ballads, and the reflection still holds good. The success, efficiency and moral rectitude of the Anti-Corn Law League was one of the received beliefs of late-Victorian England, endorsed by whig-liberal historians from Morley to Trevelyan. Norman Longmate's book, as one might guess from the title, follows that tradition. He has collected much material; his narrative is colourful and entertaining; he has enlivened his text with lavish quotations and numerous illustrations. He admits the less scrupulous side of the League's propaganda, the intemperateness of some of its hired lecturers, the dubious methods it employed in getting up petitions and rigging conferences. But these are specks on the sun. What he has to relate is the success story of an organization led by men of wisdom and integrity, steadily widening its aims and authority, progressing unfalteringly from modest provincial beginnings to national triumph. And the moral? That determined, intelligent men could succeed against the odds; that moderation, common sense, well-marshalled evidence and business efficiency could defeat prejudice and privilege; that the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 was a victory for sanity, decency and justice. It is a modern version of the Victorian legend.

One need not make much of the minor blemishes - describing Castlereagh as a prime minister, for example; hailing the League as the first modern political organization and ignoring the precedent of the Anti-Slavery movement; labelling poor Sir James Graham (who as early as 1842 told Peel that the next change in the Corn Laws must be complete free trade) as "one of the most reactionary of Tories" and "totally out of sympathy with everything the League stood for". The serious criticism of Mr Longmate is first that he fails to tell the whole story about the League, and second that he fails to consider the political world in which it was operating. Take, for example, the crucial year 1842. He assures us that the League was "wholly innocent" of any responsibility for the widespread industrial rioting; that it was "always on the side of moderation". Yet we know that serious consideration was given by the League to the tactics of closing down mills and blackmailing the government with the threat of economic distress and social disorder. He quotes Bright's public letter condemning the riots; he does not mention Bright's other letter a few months earlier proposing a simultaneous closure of mills by the cotton-masters unless the government agreed to repeal the Corn Laws.

These dangerous counsels, with similar proposals from other League members, were not accepted. There can be little doubt, however, that the violent orators of the League

contributed considerably to the excited atmosphere in the areas where the riots took place. The League came perilously close to sedition in 1842 and for a time was in justifiable fear of prosecution. Even Cobden, though he had more sense than the emotional Bright, was not entirely the impeccable figure of Victorian legend. On one occasion, to protect the League, he publicly pledged his honour to what he knew was a lie. Moreover, he did his best to destroy public confidence in parliament as an institution and gave serious thought to a scheme for embarrassing the government by withholding taxes. For most of 1842, in fact, the League was frustrated and desperate, financially insecure, split between extremists and moderates, faced with the competition of the Complete Suffrage movement and outmanoeuvred by Peel's 1842 free-trade budget. Only gradually did it change to the more constitutional strategy of working for the return of enough parliamentary candidates pledged to repeal at the next general election to hold the balance between the parties: an objective which ironically was made superfluous by the government's action in 1846.

Longmate makes the large claim for the League that it brought about Peel's first Corn Law revision in 1842 and by implication that it converted Peel to the idea of outright repeal in 1846. But this is too simple. No assessment of its influence is convincing that does not take into consideration the whole history of the Corn Laws, including the agitation against them ever since 1815 and the complex attitudes of parties and politicians. He says, somewhat stridently,

that the object of the Corn Laws was to keep the price of bread. It might have been more sensible to have started with the proposition that the original object of the Corn Laws was to ensure the prosperity of British farming (the country's largest single industry) in the difficult post-war years. There was a case for protection; once given, there was also great difficulty in reducing, let alone abolishing, it. Yet from 1822 onward it was a serious political issue, especially for politicians in office. Peel's 1842 revision resulted not from League pressure but from a policy which can be traced back to the cabinet of Lord Liverpool in the 1820s when the first major modification was carried out. That the whigs in the 1830s made the question an open one was an indication not, as Longmate suggests, of the absence of collective cabinet responsibility, but of the exceptional divisions in their party on the issue. Russell's conversion to repeal in his *Edinburgh Letter* of 1845 was perhaps the real triumph for the League's propaganda rather than Peel's more deliberately matured decision that the Corn Laws had outlived their economic usefulness and political viability.

To ignore all these things makes for a simpler, morally edifying narrative; not, unfortunately, for better history. For a more realistic account of this episode one must still turn to D.G. Barnes's classic history of the Corn Laws (now over half a century old) and Norman McCord's book on the Anti-Corn Law League. But for those who prefer a historical myth attractively presented Mr Longmate's book will do very well indeed.

The determinants of health

Thomas McKeown

ROBERT WOODS and JOHN WOODWARD
 (Editors)
Urban Disease and Mortality in Nineteenth-Century England
 0 7134 3707 3

The "orthodox interpretation", as it is described in the preface of this book, attributes the transformation of health and increase of population since the eighteenth century essentially to a fall in mortality from infectious diseases; the infections are said to have declined mainly because of improved nutrition and reduced exposure to micro-organisms. The part played by immunization and treatment of disease was relatively small; they contributed substantially only after the introduction of sulphonamides (in 1935), and over the whole period of the modern improvement in health are thought to have been much less important than other influences.

Remarkably, it is social historians rather than medical people who find it difficult to accept this interpretation, particularly the conclusion that medical intervention had no large effect on health before the twentieth century. Clinicians are well aware of their inability to reverse the course of many established diseases in the present day, and there are doctors still in practice who recall from personal experience the ineffectiveness of treatment of the infections before the sulphonamides became available. We still lack remedies for the common viral infections. It is hardly surprising that most physicians who have considered the matter readily accept that few treatments were effective before 1900, and are unconvinced by some of the claims that have been made for medical achievements in the past: for example, that inoculation with material taken from patients with smallpox - a procedure widely practised in the eighteenth century before vaccination was discovered - was largely responsible for the decline in the disease; or that eighteenth-century hospitals cured or relieved nearly all of their patients; a claim that could be sustained for a modern hospital only by the most liberal interpretation of "relieved".

The eight essays brought together by the editors of *Urban Disease and Mortality* are concerned with these and related matters. Four are studies in large cities - typhus and typhoid in London, infant mortality in Bradford, health and environment in Manchester, and mortality and sanitary conditions in Birmingham; one essay examines reasons for the decline of tuberculosis in England and Wales; the other three deal broadly with influences on the trend of mortality in the nineteenth century.

The conclusions from some of the detailed studies are interesting if, in most cases, not unexpected. For example, there was considerable variation in mortality between regions and between urban and rural areas; the reasons for the decline of typhus are unclear (and, one would say, are likely to remain so); "poverty was the most important underlying cause of social disparities in infant deaths"; in Manchester "improvements in nutrition and general changes in standards of living" contributed powerfully to the reduction of mortality; variation in the death-rate from scarlet fever was not wholly determined by changes in the relationship between host and parasite; and the distribution of water closets is not a sensitive index of the sanitary conditions which determine mortality from a disease such as typhoid.

But perhaps the chief interest of *Urban Disease and Mortality* is in its conclusions concerning reasons for the decline of the infections. This subject is at the centre of a debate between social and medical historians which has continued for the past thirty years. It is likely to go on for some time yet, but what has led to very different ideas concerning one of the most important issues in economic history. The social historians base their conclusions largely on parish registers, bills of mortality and other local sources. The medical historians question the reliability of this evidence because it gives results which are often inconsistent with present-day knowledge; he draws his own conclusions from post-registration data, examined against the background of an interpretation of the determinants of health. On the one side it is said: "You are ignoring our findings"; on the other: "You are not looking critically at your results."

The views expressed in *Urban Disease and Mortality* are by no means entirely opposed to

the "medical" interpretation, which Robert Woods and John Woodward present very clearly in their essay on "Mortality, poverty and the environment" (although they misquote, and hence misinterpret, a reference to Sherlock Holmes: "When we have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth"). Nevertheless, they are reluctant to accept this interpretation without qualifications. The expansion of hospital and dispensary services is thought to have conferred some benefit, by isolating infectious patients, even if effective treatment was not available. The evidence that diets improved before the late nineteenth century is considered to be insufficient to support the conclusion that it was the main reason for the decline in mortality. And Woods and Woodward question whether the contribution of hygienic advances in the nineteenth century can be assessed from the trend of mortality from intestinal infections.

when a quoted passage describes his "strange quaint face and head...nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff [misprinted as "riff"] of mourning pins"? At least one good map was needed to make the account of the siege of Sebastopol intelligible but none is provided. Instead we are given a nineteenth-century plan that is effectively illegible, even with a magnifying glass.

The text is a somewhat more honourable failure. Although Miss Chapman is conscientious and clear-headed her task has proved too much for her. Russell was a brilliantly energetic and visual reporter, which makes him a joy to quote; but he also wrote ceaselessly and at enormous length. Any book, then, which proposes to present him first and foremost through extracts from his writings, must quote him by the yard if it is to do so faithfully. Miss Chapman has not been given enough space for the job. This is Russell in snippets and, like the pictures, too many of the snippets are familiar ones - the thin red line (though Russell wrote "streak"), the Bull Run dispatch (mis-transcribed on page 122), the observation that Queen Victoria's reign was an incessant record of bloodshed. Furthermore, Miss Chapman has made things worse for herself by devoting nineteen of her too few pages to "Journeys with the Prince of Wales", an unfruitful topic compared with Russell's wars; and her handling of it is not enhanced by her statement that

to get to Karnak and Luxor from Cairo you go down the Nile.

The result, overall, is a book of mixed impact, for which the publishers are probably at least as much to blame as the author. But Miss Chapman must take full responsibility for the final blemish. She has provided no references of any kind, so that one seldom knows (for she seldom says) whether the documents she is quoting are articles in *The Times*, private letters, or diaries. Even those who just want a good read would be better advised to seek out the Alan Hankinson 1982 biography, or the *History of the Times*, or some of the earlier selections from Russell's writings.

Francis Williams's history of the British Press, *Dangerous Estate: The Anatomy of Newspapers*, has now been reissued, with a new foreword by Michael Foot (304pp. Panther Stephens. £12.95. 0 85059 699 8). The work includes such familiar landmarks as the rise of *The Times*, the abolition of stamp duty and the Northcliffe revolution and ends with Williams's reflections on the state of the Press in 1957, the year of the book's first publication. The TLS reviewer on March 15 of that year, while noting the author's commitment to the ideals of popular journalism, concluded that to present the news was "to set up a blindfold to fact, to turn great masses of the public into a mob".

The pyramid and its powers

Samuel Y. Edgerton, Jr

KENNETH D. KEELE
Leonardo Da Vinci's Elements of the Science of Man
 385pp. Academic Press. £69.50.
 0 12 403980 4

A physician by profession and historian by inclination, Kenneth Keele has established himself as the leading authority on Leonardo's voluminous researches on the anatomy and physiology of the human body. His *Leonardo da Vinci on Movement of the Heart and Blood* (1952) is something of a classic, a model of scholarship for historians of medicine. Art historians, however, have, on the whole, overlooked this remarkable work: apparently put off by the title, they have failed to realize that Keele was concerned not only with matters of cardiology. Indeed, *Leonardo da Vinci on Movement of the Heart and Blood* was an attempt, and *Leonardo da Vinci's Elements of the Science of Man* is a more comprehensive attempt, to write nothing less than the definitive monograph on Leonardo's general theory of the cosmos.

Leonardo's unceasing search for such a unified theory permeates his encyclopedic notes on every conceivable subject from alchemy to zoology, and his belief in the existence of such a theory unquestionably affected his art. Keele's portrait of Leonardo, much sharpened since 1952, reveals as never before the profundity of this Renaissance genius. Leonardo emerges here as one of the greatest scientific thinkers, comparable to Aristotle, Roger Bacon, Newton, and Einstein.

In his new book Keele focuses upon Leonardo's life-long fascination with the mechanics of the human body. The Florentine artist-scientist (Keele calls him a "pioneer bio-engineer") liked to think of his body as *minor mondo*, or as a microcosm of the universal macrocosm. For all his originality, Leonardo anchored most of his scientific experiment to established contemporary theories, depending greatly on the idea that God created man according to the same principles which govern the physical and metaphysical spheres of the universe. Thus, for example, Leonardo zealously studied the science of hydrodynamics, believing that the same principles by which water courses through the earth must also determine the ebb and flow of blood through the veins and arteries. Such adherence to classical theories of nature often led Leonardo astray; he was never able to grasp the fact that blood circulates or that the heart is a reciprocating pump. Yet his brilliantly performed and beautifully recorded experiments on the heart brought him extremely close to the later discoveries of William Harvey.

Keele's narration of Leonardo's cardiovascular research is especially exciting. As one reads, it is impossible not to want Leonardo to make the one crucial discovery. After so magnificently determining the actions of the aortic and mitral valves, and after understanding the atria as separate from the ventricles, why

couldn't he just see that the septum was not the porous membrane traditionally described by Galen and Mondino? For "seeing" was the essence of Leonardo's genius. His training as a visual artist, Keele argues, provided his "gateway to science". Leonardo himself wrote that painting "compels the mind of the painter to transform itself into the very mind of Nature". In particular, linear perspective provided the key. Leonardo believed, together with most medieval philosophers, that the human eye was the "window of the soul" - the most important organ of the five senses. He even made careful section drawings of the skull in order to plot with geometric coordinates the exact position of the "soul" at the perpendicular juncture of the optic and spinal nerves. And he became

Bacon similarly concluded in the thirteenth century). Leonardo observed further that just as power increases as it converges towards the apex of the pyramid so conversely it diminishes as it diverges towards the base. Thus he tried to explain and relate every natural action, such as the strengthening bite of the jaws as they converge along the axis of the "apex", or the weakening of a clock-spring as it uncoils outwards from its "apex" centre.

In the comprehensive application of his pyramidal law Leonardo discerned four separate "powers": movement, weight, force, and percussion. These he understood as first causes in the same sense as the classical four elements and four qualities. By studying how movement changes direction he was able for the first time

hers of his manuscript records still exist, it is estimated that at least as much again has been lost. Modern scholarship has tended to compartmentalize Leonardo's learning according to contemporary disciplines; his writings and drawings have been separated and republished under chapter headings corresponding to the names of university arts and science departments. It is to Keele's credit that his own chapters reflect Leonardo's single-minded search for universals, rather than his competence in so many different specializations.

Keele's success in depicting Leonardo as "universal man" in the true medieval/Renaissance sense is due also to two other recent advances in Leonardo scholarship: the rediscovery in 1964-5 of the *Madrid Codices* containing quantities of new information about Leonardo's mechanics, and the researches of Carlo Pedretti concerning the exact dating of all Leonardo's individual manuscript pages. From these new data Keele has been able to discern how Leonardo's thinking progressed synchronously, how he continued to change his mind about one problem as a result of his maturing investigation of another. This is especially true of his interest in the heart, the study of which he returned to on three separate occasions. Indeed, it was his last scientific concern. He had come to doubt some of his earlier theories about the heart's function because of parallel discoveries in his study of mechanics. The so-called tragedy of Leonardo now seems not to have been that he "could never finish anything", but that he did not live long enough to think through the workings of the whole universe. His mind, like his jumbled notebooks, remained open. The longer he lived, the more he experienced; the more he experienced, the more he knew. In 1519, at the age of sixty-seven, Leonardo da Vinci died. Had he lived a little longer, he might have single-handedly created the scientific revolution. As it was, few of his contemporaries understood or had access to the notes. His brilliant scientific scheme for universal science was buried in the following century.

Leonardo da Vinci's Elements of the Science of Man is a fascinating and inspiring book. The Academic Press is to be congratulated for including such a large number of illustrations and reproducing them so well. Author and publisher also agreed, in the interest of simplification, to limit the footnotes. However, this leads to my only objection. Keele mentions nowhere in his text or his notes the prior studies of James Ackerman and Martin Kemp concerning Leonardo's perspective. These recent and thoughtful investigations surely informed his own ideas about the very subject he found so central to Leonardo's science. Nor does he anywhere refer to Kemp's *Leonardo da Vinci: The marvellous works of Nature and Man* (TLS, January 15, 1982) which examines Leonardo's science from the standpoint of his art, a matter which Keele slights. But Dr Keele has added immensely to our knowledge of Leonardo both as a unique individual and in the context of his times. No lover of the Italian Renaissance should fail to read this book.



Leonardo's "Three drawings of the optic chiasma", reproduced from the book reviewed here.

convicted that the incontrovertible laws of geometric perspective could explain the way the Creator himself "saw" and then constructed the cosmos in his own image.

The laws of perspective in painting had been derived from the ancient Greek science of geometric optics. Brunelleschi first demonstrated these in a picture (since lost). Leonardo may well have seen while he served as a young apprentice in the studio of Verrocchio. Alberti then codified the rules in his 1435-6 *Treatise on Painting* which Leonardo surely must have read. In any case, Leonardo, like all Florentine artists of his generation, was thoroughly trained in the new art-science which demanded theoretical knowledge of geometry and classical optics, especially of the notion of the visual pyramid. This latter concept postulated the eye as the apex and the visual field to be at the base of the pyramid. The surfaces of all objects in the visual field emit "species" which flow in rectilinear "rays", converging on the eye at the apex. As these species "percuss" the optic nerve, they cause the sensation of sight. The more oblique these rays (the diverging legs of the pyramid), the weaker their percussion; the straighter (the "centric ray" or altitude perpendicular to the base of the pyramid), the greater the percussion and thus the more distinct the visual image. In this pyramidal structure of optical forces, Leonardo believed he had found the model for all the fluxes of nature (as Roger

to design the universal joint; by observing the effects of weight, he understood the effects of gravity and falling bodies; by testing force, he preceded Newton in realizing that every action has an equal and opposite reaction; by noting percussion he saw how heat was caused by friction and, for the first time, how friction other hand, his adherence to his pyramidal law and its four powers prevented his understanding how falling bodies accelerate (he made no allowance for time) or how birds fly (he thought that lift in air corresponded to thrust in water) or the true function of the heart (he thought it a kind of furnace producing body heat by the action of blood beating against the inner ventricular and auricular walls).

In order to write this book Keele had not only to become proficient in the myriad sciences and technologies which occupied Leonardo incessantly for over fifty years, but he had also to read all of Leonardo's thousands of pages of notes. Moreover, although Leonardo's massive number of notes and drawings were intended to be organized into a series of treatises on individual subjects, he either never put them in order or, if he did, the resultant works are now lost. So his notes and sketches are quite mixed up, with different subjects confused on the same pages or with single matters discussed in different places often in apparent contradiction: and Leonardo wrote them all backwards. Even though overwhelming num-

Helena

MACHADO DE ASSIS

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Notions of nowhere

J. N. Gray

PETER ALEXANDER and ROGER GILL
(Editors)
Utopias
218pp. Duckworth. £18.
07156 18148

LOUIS MARIN
Utopias: Spatial play
Translated by Robert A. Vollrath.
280pp. Macmillan. £25.
0333 370538

In the epigraph to his story, "Utopia of a tired man", Jorge Luis Borges cites the maxim of Quevedo: "He called it *Utopia*, a Greek word meaning *there is no such place*." Borges indicates here the most essential feature of a utopia – its distance from any realizable world – and at the same time, with the inimitable irony which distinguishes his writings, intimates the key question about utopian thought. Does the inherent impossibility of embodying utopian visions in any concrete historical context itself condemn the utopian enterprise, or are we to cherish the utopian imagination for its very freedom from practical constraints?

That this is the basic point of dispute about utopianism is no longer in doubt, but it was obscured in the postwar debate between liberal theorists who linked utopian projects with totalitarianism and liberalism's radical critics, who espoused utopian theory as part of their effort to pinpoint the limitations of Western societies. In this debate, which it would be pleasant to suppose is now closed, liberals were successful in demonstrating the vast dangers and moral risks of holistic social experimentation, but they were mistaken in their belief that they had thereby demolished all claim to serious attention on the part of utopian thinkers. Indeed, the liberal critics of utopianism were also importantly mistaken about their own intellectual tradition, in which (as emphasized by the utopian nihilists) an indispensable role, notably exemplified in David Hume's splendid "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth". The closure of this debate should free us to see the critical evaluation of utopianism,

not as part of the dated controversy between liberalism and its critics, but instead as an expression of a fundamental question about the appropriate balance of realism with imagination in political thought.

The seventeen contributions to *Utopias* approach the task of reconsidering utopianism from a variety of viewpoints, analytical, historical and imaginative, and the collection as a whole sets a high standard for future work on this subject. Among the more philosophical papers, Keith Graham's on "Consensus in social decision-making: Why is it Utopian?" contains some extremely suggestive thoughts on the liberal meta-utopia, in which diverse experiments in living are encouraged, as this conception is found in Strawson and Nozick. Graham's paper fails to answer the question posed in its title, however, because he appears to see as jointly exhaustive of the available perspectives on the relations of man and society the form of abstract individualism he attributes to the liberal outlook and some sort of universalist communitarianism. Thus, in the last sentence of his paper, he affirms that it is reasonable that a moral consensus should be expected to emerge, because such consensus acknowledges "the essential communality of human life – the fact that for the satisfaction of both material and psychic needs it is essential that we are parts of larger units than individual human beings".

The demand for a comprehensive moral consensus which Graham makes here, however, sacrifices the vital insight embodied in the liberal idea of a meta-utopia – the insight that, whereas we are not related to each other as strangers in a society of individuals, but belong to distinct traditions and definite historical ways of life, it is natural that there should be many of these traditions, that they should be diverse and often in conflict with each other. In opposition to holistic utopianism, the liberal meta-utopia recognizes as endemic and creative the conflict of ideals in society and regards it as a source of vitality. We are always more than abstract individuals, but we can never be specimens of universal humanity, embodying a rational moral consensus, without losing those particular cultural identities

which make us recognizable as human agents.

In a valuable paper on Marxism and utopianism, Steven Lukes develops a powerful argument for the utopian character of the Marxian conception of communism, identifying the areas of moral conflict which are suppressed in Marx's sketchy picture of the communist society and noting the paucity of intellectual detail in his account of the means whereby it will be regulated. Lukes is successful in showing the dependency of the Marxian ideal on a confused, only partially coherent and in many respects highly implausible moral philosophy, but he neglects an argument of central importance in failing to address the epistemological impossibilities of Marxian communism. In this he follows Marx himself, who never grasped the function of market processes in generating and transmitting information, widely dispersed in society and often embodied in tacit knowledge, about preferences and scarcities. It is the lack in Marx's work of any remotely plausible alternative mechanism for the transmission of knowledge and the allocation of resources in complex societies, rather than any over-optimism about the reformability of human motivation, which gives his account of communist society its irretrievably utopian aspect. It is Marx's resistance to the functions of the market, also, which accounts for the poverty of "actually existing socialism", while at the same time confirming its essentially Marxian pedigree.

In the book's most systematic and closely reasoned paper, Barbara Goodwin considers problems of economic and social innovation in utopia and argues eloquently for the relevance and fruitfulness of utopian speculation in its impact on the real social world. Her argument is less than fully conclusive, if only in focusing primarily on socialist and egalitarian utopias and thereby doing less than justice to the variety of utopian visions and to the role this variety plays in the liberal argument for a meta-utopia, but it is invaluable in illustrating the many links between utopian theorizing and social practice.

"As far as our own subject is concerned, it must never be forgotten that, first and foremost, utopia is a book. Its productive practice makes us realise what reading books, since the

Renaissance, has impelled us to forget: it is a text whose reality is nowhere." This statement, with its mechanical conjuring of familiar metaphors, gives the intellectual tone to Lukes' *Utopias: Spatial play*. It is not easy to give a clear account of the book's theoretical content, since it is written in an exotic argot spoken only by professional culture-critics at international academic gatherings. Problems of radical translation aside, it is a reasonable doubt whether the book has any theoretical content at all, since most of its chapters contain only extended word-games on the central notions of space, play and discourse. The less substantial sections encompass an analysis of More's *Utopia* (though one which could, I think, have been written without significant alteration about many another utopian writing) and a comment on utopian map-making which has at least the merit of brevity. If there is a central theme, it is that in enlarging the scope of social possibilities utopias reveal the configurations of social structures as we have them in historical reality.

Given its resistance to the vulgarity of empiricist exposition and assessment, however, perhaps Marin's book demands deconstructive criticism. Let us remember, then, that, first and above all, the professional critic of culture is a footnote in the corrupt text of academic discourse. The words of this text – "publishers", "lecturers", "departments" and so on – occupy a space of infinite negativity between quotidian praxis and reified abstraction. The material components of this space – research grants, salary structures, promotion procedures – are repressed, but thereby reproduced, in the static forms of academic cultural criticism. Indeed, though he appears to function as a social void, the professional cultural critic's best understood as occupying a social role conferred on him by the education industry in the late twentieth century – the role of mystifying, not so much social life in general, but rather within academic institutions. Marin's book is instructive and valuable, then, inasmuch as it illustrates the academic class at work, producing for its own consumption intellectual tokens whose primary function is that of legitimizing the play on words as an indispensable social activity.

than imposed by social obligations, it distances man from the natural world, separates facts from values, and encourages the atomization of society. If we wish to understand the peculiarity of our moral dilemma, he suggests, then we must try to enter the mental world of Homo Hierarchicus.

But in the end Dumont fails to live up to our expectations: he promises much more than he delivers. Despite the range of his learning and the boldness of his ambitions, he manages to leave us with an impression of missed opportunities. His commitment to sociological holism is never convincingly translated into practice. The ideas he discusses are peculiarly disembodied entities, generated by gifted individuals rather than incarnate in particular societies. Nowhere does he provide us with a convincing account of the social origins or basis of the ideology of individualism. His insistence on studying Europe with one eye on India does not prevent him from producing a whiggish interpretation of modern ideas, in which European intellectual history is treated as a rather prolonged prologue to contemporary preoccupations. An anthropological perspective may have the singular advantage of broadening our understanding of modern ideology, but in this case it does so at the expense of making it one-dimensional.

Identity: Personal and Socio-Cultural, edited by Anita Jacobson-Widding, has recently been published (423pp. Stockholm: Almqvist and Wiksell. SEK 289. 91 22 00618 4). It collects the proceedings of an interdisciplinary symposium held at Uppsala University, in August, 1982, and includes papers by Mary Douglas ("How Identity Problems Disappear"), Thomas Luckmann ("Remarks on Personal Identity"), Inner, Social and Historical Theory" and John Gumperz ("Communication and Social Identity").

Dividing an island

C.M. Woodhouse

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
Cyprus
192pp. Quartet. £8.95.
07043 24369

When the Greek military dictatorship tried to subvert the government of Cyprus in July 1974, and the Turks invaded the island in response, the impact on British public opinion was very slight. Normally well-informed people were incredulous to learn that we had signed a treaty in 1960 guaranteeing the independence, territorial integrity and security of the island. When convinced that it was so, they thought it so ludicrous that the only thing to do was to forget it. The British Government's reaction was much the same.

Although we had troops on the island, Phantom aircraft on the RAF stations, and HMS Hermes with two destroyers in the vicinity, none of them did anything to avert the Turkish invasion. The RAF rescued Archbishop Makarios, much to the regret of the US Administration and perhaps also of British opinion. The Hermes rescued British residents and holiday-makers. Nobody rescued the Cypriots. The general view was that since most of them were Greeks, what happened had served them

right. James Callaghan, then Foreign Secretary, justified British inaction by arguing that the Constitution of Cyprus had in effect ceased to function since the early 1960s. He did not explain why no government had given notice that this absolved us from our obligations. Officials in the Foreign Office found more sophisticated arguments. The most logical was that although the Treaty obliged us to consult our partners in a crisis, it did not oblige us, but only permitted us, to take action if consultation broke down. They did not explain why in that case the Treaty was called a Treaty of Guarantee.

All this makes Christopher Hitchens extremely angry, and quite right too. The conduct of all the governments concerned in 1974 – Greek, Turkish, British and American – was disgraceful. The Greek government – the last flag-end of the expiring junta – precipitated the crisis by its attempt to murder Makarios and to replace him by a gangster of its own kidney. The Turkish government – the only one with sufficient sense at least to see where its advantage lay – took its long-awaited opportunity to seize a foothold in Cyprus, ostensibly legitimized by the Treaty of Guarantee. The British government wrung its hands. The US government – if Hitchens is right – was a party to the plot against Cyprus.

If Hitchens is right: that is the only point on which his judgment can be questioned, but it is

no more than a question. Certainly everything that Henry Kissinger, then Secretary of State, has said on the matter has been equivocal, but then equivocation is second nature to him. In the absence of positive proof, it seems to me more probable that Dr Kissinger paid too little attention to Cyprus until it was too late. In the first half of 1974 he was preoccupied first with the problem of restoring peace between Israel and Egypt, and then with the closing stages of President Nixon's downfall. It is likely enough that someone in the CIA gave the Greek dictators a hint that they could safely act against Makarios, but it is more doubtful and there was high-level authority for it.

With that exception (which may be mistaken), Hitchens's book deserves wholehearted praise. His research has been thorough, his style is invigorating, and he has written a compelling account of a tragic episode from first to last. It is particularly satisfactory to see the Cypriot point of view so well presented by a British writer. Cypriots can, of course, speak for themselves and many have done so. But their problem is that they are either Greek or Turkish Cypriots, and their arguments are discounted accordingly. Hitchens speaks eloquently for both, establishing that there is a Greco-Turkish Cypriot identity quite distinct from the national identities of their mainland kith and kin.

Greek and Turkish villagers in Cyprus used to live in perfect amity so long as they were allowed to do so. Hitchens gives touching examples of friendships and loyalties which survived even the invasion of 1974. One of his most striking quotations is from an article by Dr Kuchuk, the first Turkish Vice-President of Cyprus, denouncing the Ankara government for flooding northern Cyprus with unwanted immigrants from Anatolia. Correspondingly, Makarios admitted that his fatal mistake was to allow thousands of mainland Greek troops into Cyprus.

The only good that came out of the tragedy of July 1974 was the downfall of the Greek junta. As Hitchens rightly argues, if the Turks had halted their initial invasion as soon as that happened, and withdrawn their troops, they would have earned universal gratitude. They would have honoured the Treaty, which Britain failed to do; they would have earned the credit for restoring constitutional government in both Greece and Cyprus. Instead, they expanded their invasion to occupy two-fifths of the island, and eventually supported an illegal UDI in that occupied territory. The problem has now become as intractable as that of Northern Ireland. There will be much more to write about it in future, but for the present Mr Hitchens has done it as well as it can be done.

Resisting russification

Dennis Deletant

MIRCEA MUSAT and ION ARDELEANU
Political Life in Romania, 1918–1921
259pp. Bucharest: Editura Republicii
Socialiste. Romania. 24 lei.

NICHOLAS DIMA
Bessarabia and Bukovina: The Soviet-Romanian territorial dispute
173pp. Boulder, Colorado: East European Monographs. \$26
088033 003 1

MARIA MANOLIU-MANEA (Editor)
The Tragic Plight of a Border Area: Bessarabia and Bucovina
280pp. California: Humboldt State University Press. \$30.
091213 1004

MICHAEL BRUCHIS
One Step Backwards, Two Steps Forward: On the language policy of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in the National Republics (Moldavia)
371pp. Boulder, Colorado: East European Monographs. \$26
088033 002 3

"Finland is Finnish, Poland is Polish, Bessarabia is Romanian. It is not a matter of bringing together various populations that are dispersed and related who could be called Russian. This is a brutal and undisguised conquest of foreign territories, this is purely and simply theft." This appreciation of Russia's foreign policy during the nineteenth century came from none other than Friedrich Engels, and its publication, in a volume of the collected works of Marx and Engels that appeared in Bucharest in 1965, confirmed a change in the Romanian Communist Party's attitude towards Bessarabia, from acquiescence in Soviet rule in the Moldavian Soviet Socialist Republic to undisguised challenge.

The first indication that the Romanian leaders had decided to reopen the issue of Bessarabia had come one year earlier with the appearance in Bucharest of Marx's *Notes on the Romanians*. This previously unpublished manuscript stated that Russia had unjustly acquired Bessarabia in 1812: "Turkey gave Bessarabia to Russia, but Turkey could not give anything away since she was only the protecting power of the two Romanian lands." The Communist Party of the Moldavian SSR was not slow to react. In March 1966, its First Party Secretary, I.I. Bădălu, condemned the "recent manifestations of nationalism and chauvinism" embodied in these "territorial claims against the USSR".

These opening salvos presaged an intermi-

tent exchange of propaganda blasts from both fraternal parties. A recent example on the Romanian side is *Political Life in Romania 1918–21*, even if this does not ostensibly fill the role, the work being described in the foreword as "a complex analysis – in the light of dialectical and historical materialism – of the economic and socio-political evolution...". Yet the opening of the book is the first direct recognition of the ethnic and historical status of Bessarabia to be printed in Romania since the last war. In a two-page footnote Bessarabia is described as "this ancient Romanian territory", and, just for good measure, Bukovina is later characterized in the same manner.

This carefully orchestrated campaign within Romania has now received considerable support from outside. Nicholas Dima's study, while faithfully chronicling the propaganda conflict between Romania and the Soviet Union, is far more valuable for its analysis of the socio-economic developments in the Moldavian SSR. Moldavia's ethnic composition was altered after 1944 by Romanian emigration to other parts of the Soviet Union and Russian in-migration. The former was achieved by assigning young Romanians to posts in other Soviet republics while numerous Russians, Ukrainians and other non-Romanians were given work in Moldavia. The changing ethnic character of Moldavia was further accelerated by industrial development in the 1960s, which brought about a need for skilled and unskilled labour and a consequent growth in the urban population. The extra manpower, however, was not drawn from the Moldavian countryside but from elsewhere in the Soviet Union, whereas at the same time skilled Romanian agricultural engineers were being encouraged to take up posts in Kazakhstan. From the analysis of the 1979 census figures made by Dima it may be concluded that between 1944 and 1979 over half a million Russians, Ukrainians and other non-Romanians were settled in the Moldavian SSR, while in the other direction the Romanian population of Kazakhstan increased from 15,000 in 1959 to 30,000 in 1979. The proportional shift in the composition of Moldavia's population is mirrored in the comparison between the 1970 and 1979 census figures. The number of Romanians increased from 2,303,916 to 2,525,687 while that of Ukrainians and Russians rose respectively from 506,560 to 560,679 and from 414,444 to 505,730. The only decrease registered was among Jews (from 98,072 to 80,127), which is attributable to emigration.

The discussion of these demographic changes, of the concomitant ubiquity of the official use of Russian in the republic, and of Soviet attempts to obscure the Romanian origin of the people and their language by design-

nating both as "Moldavian", is presented in a dispassionate manner, which also largely characterizes the collection of papers on Bessarabia and Bukovina edited by Maria Manoliu-Manea. The one jarring note here is the editor's insistence on the spelling Bessarabia, which appears to be an attempt to force upon Anglophones Romanian orthography. The editor's justification for the usage is that "it originates in the name of a Romanian king, Basarab...". Here we are indeed on shifting sands. The historical documents in which the ruler Basarab (as he is known in Romanian) is mentioned are in Latin, not English, and if the spelling Bessarabia is invoked in order to highlight the Romanian affinity to that land, then it ought to be pointed out that the etymology of the name Basarab itself suggests that he was of Cuman origin.

A majority of the twenty papers in this

volume cover the same ground as Dima's book; indeed the latter is himself a contributor. The character of the Romanian of Bessarabia and Bukovina described by Maria Manoliu-Manea are the subject of two articles, and a topic also developed in Michael Bruchis's admirable monograph, which provides a unique account of language policy in the Moldavian SSR. The use since 1944 of the Cyrillic alphabet in Soviet language of words of Romanian origin, is a major aspect of the drive to give the Moldavians and their language an identity distinct from their fellow Romanians. The changes of nuance in this policy are chronicled and examined by Bruchis, but they have little bearing on its general direction – the eventual russification of cultural expression in the republic. This process is not irreversible and it is in the hope of reversing it that Romanians, irrespective of ideological differences, have taken up their pens.

NEW FROM JOHN CALDER

LITERATURE

Samuel Beckett's *Collected Shorter Prose 1945–1980* (£9.95), published this month contains the entirety of Mr Beckett's stories, outbursts and short monologues. *Worstward Ho* (£3.50), his most recent novel, poetically describes the act of creation in art and in life. *The Old Wild West*, but seen through the special vision of William Burroughs, is the subject of *The Place of Dead Roads* (£9.95) in a circular narrative that travels through space and time. *Port of Saints* (£4.95 paper) is vintage Burroughs, bizarre characters, erotic fantasy and cosmic power struggles fused in a shifting narrative. Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Recollections of the Golden Triangle* (£3.95 paperback original) sees the pope of the nouveau roman invading Burroughs country, the mad encompassing and interpreting erotic fantasy in a pastiche of the classic gothic novel.

THEATRE

Ionese's *Noies and Controversies* (£4.95 paper) releases the major theatrical essays of the French absurdist dramatist. New play volumes are Oliver Wyman's *Ben Friends* (£3.95) containing 2 other plays, brilliant comedies of social role-playing. Hanif Kureishi's *Outskirt* (£2.95), about the destitution of modern Britain, John Antrobus' *Hilder in Liverpool* (£5.95), serio-comedies with great verbal humour and Snoo Wilson's *The Number of the Beast* (£4.95) about Alastair Crowley and his circle. Each volume contains 3 plays.

POETRY

Samuel Beckett's *Collected Poems 1930–1978* (£8.95) contain English and French poems and translations, complete. *The Selected Poems of Pier Paolo Pasolini* (£6.95 paper original), translated by Norman MacAfee and Luciano Martignello, reveal the great film maker as a major political and lyric poet. *Callows over Europe* (£3.95), contains the poems of Andrej Gelligis, Latvia's greatest modern poet in passionate and patriotic vein.

LITERARY CRITICISM

Goethe *Revisited* (£5.95) contains reassessments of Goethe for today by leading writers and critics. *Sex in Literature Vol. 4* (£6.95 paper) releases John Atkins' vast study of 17th and 18th century erotic literature.

MUSIC

New ENO/ROH Opera Guides too: *Butterfly* (Puccini), *Turandot* (Puccini), *Manon* (Massenet) and *Siegfried* (Wagner). Each contains complete 2-language libretto, many background articles, illustrations, thematic guide, discography, bibliography etc. (each £3) *Hans Houter* by Penelope Turing (£10.95) is the definitive biography of the great Wagnerian singer and recitallist.

JOHN CALDER 18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS.

(644)

Personal versus social

Adrian Wooldridge

LOUIS DUMONT
Essays sur l'Individualisme
267pp. Paris: Seuil. 79fr.
202 0066130

In an attempt to understand the peculiarities of democratic society, Tocqueville laid particular emphasis on the breakdown of hierarchy and the rise of individualism. Whereas aristocracy binds all the members of the community together by mutual ties of dependence and obligation, democracy breaks those ties and forces everyone back on their own resources. Liberated from his ascribed social role, democratic man forgets about his ancestors and descendants, isolates himself from his contemporaries, and retreats increasingly into "the solitude of his own heart". Louis Dumont has long been haunted by Tocqueville's vision. In *Homo Hierarchicus* he analysed the capacity of a caste system to ascribe rigid roles to each individual, and in *From Mandeville to Marx* (the French edition is called *Homo Aequalis*) he turned to the origins of contemporary economic individualism. His most recent book, a collection of essays written over the past twenty-five years, deals directly with the notion of "individualism".

Dumont's approach to his problem is a specifically anthropological one. In order to isolate the peculiar characteristic of Western ideology, he adopts a comparative approach, settling contemporary assumptions in their universal context. In particular, his understanding of the norms of the Indian caste system supplies him with a unique capacity to feel surprise at our everyday values. His argument rests on a number of connected analytical oppositions – between individualism and holism, between egalitarianism and hierarchy, and between liberty

and inter-dependence. For him "individualism" implies the belief that the individual, rather than the community, is the author of values, and that the individual himself has a universal value, as the complete embodiment of the essence of man. If we want to understand the peculiarities of the West, he argues, then we must understand the origins and significance of its preoccupation with the individual.

Dumont traces the origins of our concept of the individual back to what he calls the "outworldly individualism" of early Christian theology. The first Christians were not bent on the destruction of the established social order; in general, they were willing to render unto Caesar what was Caesar's. But they were revolutionary in their conviction that the individual soul receives eternal value from its filial relationship with God. They were committed to the emancipation of the individual through personal transcendence and to the union of brothers in a community which trades on earth but has its heart in heaven. As Ernst Troeltsch put it, they were individuals in relation to God. Their brotherhood took place on a level which transcended secular affairs and social institutions; the infinite worth of the individual meant at the same time the disparagement of the everyday world. But as the Church extended its power in the world, so the Christian individual was increasingly committed to secular affairs, and the outworldly individual was subtly transformed into the modern inwardly individual.

Luther's rejection of the mediation between God and man institutionalized in the Catholic Church and his insistence that God is accessible to individual consciences helped to bring about the final atomization of the hierarchical Christian community. But for Dumont the high priest of modern individualism was Calvin rather than Luther. Calvin's theology set the individual firmly in the world and confronted

him with a stark choice between a society in which the spirit animates the whole of life or one in which the material commands the spiritual. Dumont finds the essence of Calvin's contribution to individualism in his simultaneous subjugation and exaltation of the self: the saint must relentlessly exercise his will in action, and in doing so, while he is absolutely subjugated to God, he nevertheless participates in him in contributing to the implementation of his designs. Henceforward, "individualism" was to be the dominant, though often unrecognized, ideology of the West.

In the second part of this collection Dumont examines the implications of this ideology for the theory and practice of his own discipline. He suggests that a tension between individualism-cum-universalism, on the one hand, and holism-cum-particularism, on the other, is at the very heart of anthropology: the field-worker, while deriving his intellectual inspiration and moral sensitivity from Western liberalism, must nevertheless come to terms with a closed community, confident of its values, ignorant or dismissive of other cultural traditions, and determined on the subordination of the individual to the social whole. The solution to this problem, according to Dumont, lies in the recognition that each culture is a limited but essential expression of the universal human condition. The unity of mankind is to be found in the variety of different cultures and not in spite of that variety. Inspired by this observation, he sets about analysing the impact of "individualism" on the theory of value prevalent in the West. In traditional societies all legitimate values emanate from the community. The social order exists in harmony with the natural order; distinctions between fact and value and between "is" and "ought" simply do not exist. But the rise of individualism shatters this convenient harmony. In suggesting the values are shaped by personal choice rather

In precarious climes

D. J. Enright

CZESLAW MILOSZ
The Separate Notebooks
Translated by Robert Hass and Robert Pinsky
with the author and Renata Gorczyński
212pp. Ecco Press, distributed by
W.W. Norton. £17.50.
088001 0312

Unity in a book is a great thing: we know where we are, whether or not we like where we find ourselves. In Milosz's new book, consisting of verse and prose written at various times between 1940 and 1980 – is it a selection from larger works? the page numbers of the "notebooks" are given, they sometimes jump – the contents hang together precariously, but precariousness is the climate of the book. The author himself turns out to be firmer than one might have expected.

"Where is the truth of unremembered things?" The star called Wormwood has fallen, a third part of the rivers has become wormwood, and many have died of the bitter waters. Rather than crying "Woe, woe, woe" like the angel, Milosz follows with acts of piety, supplying memories, utterly unsentimental: "stench, shit frozen into clods. / And those centuries, / conceiving in the herring smell of the middle of the night". Scenes from childhood and later, memories of ways of life, of ousted customs, of objects and incidents and persons, a pearly button on a glove, the burning of Giordano Bruno, a death in Auschwitz, someone lighting a pine chip soaked in resin, apples rolling across tables, an athlete from half a century ago, "the round ass of a girl passing by", a bird "propped on your grey lizard legs, on cybernetic gloves". . . . Evocations of Ladies of 1920 who served us cocoa.

Grow strong for the glory of Poland, our little knights, our eagles. . . . Aunt Florentyna, who herself had to "accept a tacit change in customs", she being a good Catholic and a landowner, and of an anonymous woman in an undatable gown: "By whom is she to be seen / If she is deprived even of her name?"

The narrator wonders at his "reluctance to indulge in fiction, as if I believed that one could faithfully reconstruct what once was". All those phenomena were prefaces, temporary things, he had thought – but no, they were prefaces to other prefaces and other temporary things. Wormwood has fallen, "bitter rivers flowed", and "no sign of divine care shone in the heavens"; the recollections and evocations are occasionally accompanied by icy comments

from "the Powers above the Earth": "We come to know their pain but without compassion . . . Why should we care about living and dying?" The "they" who "traced their origin to the dinosaur / And took their deftness from the lemur's paw" are the "they" who

tied the hands of man with barbed wire. And dug shallow graves at the edge of the wood. There would be no truth in his last testament. They wanted him anonymous for good.

In "Magpiety", a light-hearted poem included in his *Selected Poems* (1973), Milosz declares himself "amazed that my Muse, Mnemosyne, / Has in no way diminished my amazement". Amazement is the enemy of anonymity. Rather than unacknowledged legislators of the world, poets are its sometimes noticed memorialists.

Not that Milosz is a stonemason or obituarist. (Nor is there any suggestion of "I only am escaped alone to tell thee".) He is here more of an anecdotalist or a one-act playwright; at times smilingly so, as in "A Book in the Ruins", dated Warsaw 1941:

You pick a fragment
Of grenade which pierced the body of a song
On Daphnis and Chloe. And you long.
Ruefully, to have a talk with her.
As if it were what life prepared you for.

The poem is almost a gloss on Blake's proverb, "Eternity is in love with the productions of time", while adding that immortality is in love with the present, and "is for its sake". There is a short prose story, in two instalments, deriving from a family chronicle, to do with Pan Eugene who lived in a castle at the turn of the nineteenth century, spending most of his time playing the piano. He continues to play the piano after his death, besides walking abroad, and for a moment we think we are in Dracula country. However, his posthumous activities cease precisely when his brother dies in 1914, and the concluding question is "whether philosophy is who's on top anything if petty feelings and family quarrels are so potent and durable that they force us to walk after our death?"

The present time too is commemorated, prophetically: future generations will stumble on our writings in some forgotten cave, and be amazed "that we knew so many of their own joys, / Though our futile palace has come to mean so little". But there is more to all this than "attempts at naming the world" or, as Macduff put it, remembering that such things were. There is also, and simultaneously, celebration, difficult as this may seem: "How can laments and curses be turned into hymns?" Despite the speaker's "bitter and confused" life, despite his "knowing better",

the lips praised on their own, on their own the feet ran;
The heart beat strongly; and the tongue proclaimed its adoration.

The poem that follows reinforces this celebration: "the Earth is like no other place".

What continents, what oceans, what a show it is! In the hall of pain, what abundance on the table. Indeed, it is the life he has lived that makes him feel unable to write accusingly: "joy would spurt in amid the lamentation". The poem ends ambiguously:

So what, if, in a minute I must close the book:
Life's sweet, but it might be pleasant not to have to look.

For the individual, death ends the succession of "prefaces"; whether it is itself a preface – in which case what follows will quite possibly prove a disappointment compared with earthly life – is another matter, closed to the expectation which belongs to living.

Part of the ironic advice to a "Child of Europe", in *Selected Poems*, runs:
Love no country: countries soon disappear.
Love no city: cities are soon rubble.

Throw away keepsakes, or from your desk
A choking, poisonous fume will exude . . .
Do not gaze into the pools of the past.
Their corroded surface will mirror
A face different from the one you expected.

Milosz has elsewhere, in the prefaces to *Post-War Polish Poetry* (1965, 1970), stressed his distrust of ironic or sarcastic writing, which (besides running the risks we all know about) can decline into nihilism and acquiescence; equally his disapproval of poetry of negation and "sterile anger at the world". Possibly the key poem – supposing of course that one has found the right lock – is "Counsels", also in *Selected Poems*. If he were a young poet, says the speaker, he would prefer not to describe the earth as "a madman's dream, a stupid tale . . .". He adds: "It's true, I did not happen to see the triumph of justice." God seems to be strictly neutral, certainly not favouring the virtuous and innocent; or else, which comes to the same thing one might reckon, he is in hiding. "And yet, the earth merits a bit, a tiny bit, of affection." Not, he hastens to say, that he takes too seriously the "consolations of nature", the moon, those clouds, the wild cherries on the banks of the Willa; indeed, one ought to keep well away from such "persistent images of infinite space, of infinite time".

Perhaps, like irony, they tempt to nihilism or acquiescence: man is not properly concerned with the study of eternity and infinity. (I had been about to comment on the interesting fact that "nature poetry", apt to be despised in

more stable countries, looms meaningfully in Eastern Europe: of the laconic and packed references in Peter Huchel's work. In fact "nature", in its unabstract and immediate manifestations, "black earth and rye", features generously in Milosz, as part of what is to be praised and remembered.) The speaker concludes thus:

There is so very much death, and that is why affection
for pigtails, bright-coloured skirts in the wind,
for paper boats no more durable than we are . . .

Milosz is more to be envied than mocked or reproached for his conviction that "Human reason is beautiful and invincible . . . an enemy of despair and a friend of hope", and that "Philo-Sophia / And poetry, her ally in the service of the good" will prevail over their foes. Well, in some sense perhaps they will, in some place, in some time . . . We don't need Dostoevsky to remind us that "Reason, your victory in me, me should defend, / But is captiv'd and proves weak or untrue." This faith, likewise, might tempt us to acquiescence and passivity. It may be, too, that Milosz underestimates the skills of irony which (unlike loud sarcasm or naked indignation) can also capture and commemorate, without arousing great expectations or breeding complacency. Milosz's hunger can sometimes look much like Whitman, or like greed: "staring at the face of every woman passing in the street. Wanting not her but all the earth. Desiring, with dilated nostrils, the smells of the bakery, of roasting coffee, wet vegetables. In thought devouring every dish and drinking every drink. Preparing myself for absolute possession." On this occasion correction comes promptly in a verse spoken by a woman, addressed to poets, philosophers and "contrivers of romances": Milosz's women are always worth heading.

Not all creatures have your need for words.
Birds you killed, fish you tossed into your bowl,
In what words will they find rest and in what
Hemst?

To excerpt as I have done may be – if not to force a false "unity" upon the compilation – at least to exaggerate certain tendencies, to be more explicit and specific (and thus limiting) than the book truly is. What a reader understands is bound to mean most to him; or, as the poet observes here in a rather different sense, "What is pronounced strengthens itself." The translations, printed opposite the Polish, read very well, rhyming bravely where the original rhymes, if at times excusably approximately. The translators' notes, it must be admitted, are peculiarly grudging. I may (as we say) have got the book wrong, certainly I have got it incomplete. But to be moved, again and again, is something.

But again, the introduction to the section mentions "a number of poets whom to our regret we could not include". Bacovia is missing from the Romanian section, despite the acknowledgment that he is the "most talented" of the Romanian symbolists. Editorial decisions seem at times to have been dictated by the ready availability of translations, at the expense of balanced representation.

The quality of the translations, which may of course in some cases be the quality of the originals, varies quite widely. Strange discrepancies of voice creep into a number of the Estonian poems, translated by Ivan Ivask – for example, these lines from Kalju Lepik's "The Sea": "You sure have salty eyes: sea / and a blue nose / white is your handkerchief / when you blow your nose". Some of the finest translations, ie, those resulting in excellent English poems, are reprinted from elsewhere. However it is good to have within one volume such work as Zdzisław's versions of Nagai, and Radauskas, Simic's of Vasco Pops. Others of Kunze and Seifert, Hamburger's of Kurek, Kirsch *et al.* Whatever its lapses and omissions, this anthology offers exciting glimpses of poetic worlds still to be fully mapped.

POSTAGE: INLAND 16p ABROAD 21p

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY. POSTMASTER: SEND NO MONEY NOW. THIS NEWSPAPER OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY, 110 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, NY 10038.

Towards the new dawn

Judith Greene

JEROME BRUNER
In Search of Mind: Essays in autobiography
306pp. Harper and Row. £14.
0063370352
Child's Talk: Learning to use language
144pp. Oxford University Press. £11
(paperback, £5.95).
0198576137
CATHERINE GARVEY
Children's Talk: The developing child
236pp. Fontana. Paperback, £2.95.
000636949

Jerome Bruner's *In Search of Mind* is a delightful hybrid of a book. A mixture of straight autobiography, history of ideas in psychology and discursive essays, it ambles along, gradually unfolding the intellectual life of a distinguished psychologist and self-confessed academic. This exercise in reconstructive memory mirrors one of the main themes of Professor Bruner's book: that what we see and remember is never an exact copy of the external world but is filtered through our own experiences.

While the early chapters on his childhood years are well done, they add no special flavour to other accounts of clever children growing up in a Jewish family. More interesting is the central section of the book, in which Bruner describes the route he took through the psychological ideas and methods of the 1950s and 1960s and his own contributions to current psychological thought. Bruner sums up the shift in these years as being the reintroduction of "mind" into psychology, although it may seem odd to the layman that explaining the way the mind works has not always been the acknowledged goal of psychology.

Bruner takes advantage of hindsight to clarify the move from the positivistic and reductionist assumptions of mainstream psychology through the "New Look" and on to the "cognitive revolution". But at the same time, he avoids any temptation to smooth out his own progress towards the new dawn. Somehow Bruner has retained vivid memories of the messiness of research as it appeared at the time. I especially liked the chapter on the "Judas Eye", which describes how Bruner himself, Postman, Ames and other "New Lookers" actually came to carry out all the experiments we learnt about as students in the early 1960s, complete with the "false starts" and "self-imposed blindness of in-groups" engagingly admitted to by Bruner. Looking back, one can see the significance of this movement, which stressed the role of our expectations and interests in interpreting the physical information our organs receive.

Bruner may be an intellectual, but he knows what it is to leave the ivory tower. From his early days in wartime Europe he was often consulted by various government agencies. He played a central role in devising a new curriculum in the United States, "Man: A Course of Study", which was the subject of vicious attacks by the John Birch Society and by "creationists". Bruner's reflections on the personalities and politics involved in such public failures are pertinent, though never ungenerous.

The essays in the final section of the book demonstrate the width of his cultural interests and of his circle of friends. Of particular interest is his arrival to take up a professorship at Oxford in his late fifties. His description of Oxford's impact on him as a newcomer, counterpointed by comparison with the strengths and weaknesses of Harvard, throws an ironic and amusing light on the pretensions of both institutions.

It was during his years at Oxford that Bruner became especially known for his work on the development of child language. This is the work of both his *Child's Talk* and Catherine Garvey's *Children's Talk*.

Under the influence of Chomsky, psychologists had become interested in the development of grammatical language. Children's utterances were thought of as a corpus (produced as if by informants speaking an unknown language), the task of the psycholinguist being to deduce the grammatical rules which could account for them. This was the era of "Mother

sock" and "Allgone lettuce"; examples used to illustrate "pivot-open" grammars. The assumption was that the primitive rules of child language would gradually approximate to the full grammar for generating correct adult English sentences.

Are children born with a special language faculty for deducing these grammatical rules or do they learn by imitating what they hear? This is where the distinction between language and talk is so important. Researchers who videotape talk as it occurs in natural contexts, between child and mother, child and child, or even by children on their own, are forced to attend far more closely to the practical situations in which children actually learn to talk. They notice that children use talk to obtain help, for example, or to negotiate the transfer of a favoured toy, and later to break into groups and be accepted by other children. Even at a very early age children vary their

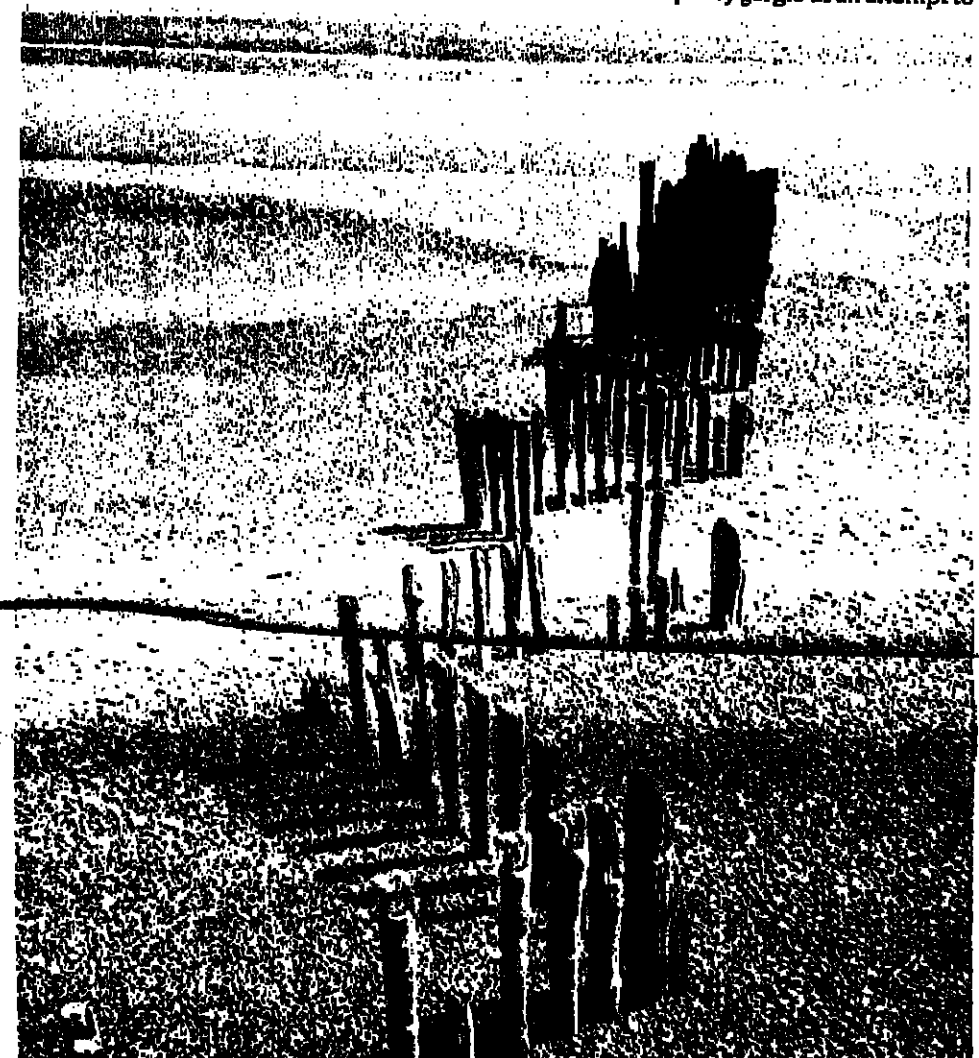
grammar and intonation according to whether they are speaking to adults, other children, or to small babies. Mothers give guidance about when it is appropriate to ask for things: "You've already got one." "Do you really want it?" The obsession with the grammatical structure of "correct" sentences gives way to an analysis of how children (and adults) systematically reduce their utterances. The correct response to "Where's the pen?" is "In the drawer" rather than the complete sentence, "The pen is in the drawer". Garvey's *Children's Talk* is full of entertaining examples of the way children and adults interact in talk, with children being alerted to the importance of making it clear who or what they are referring to and the need to take conversational turns.

Some of the exchanges show how the child is fine-tuned by feedback to produce an increasingly demanding performance. At first mothers will accept any gurgle as an attempt to

name an object, later they require the name, and eventually a full description. This "scaffolding", as Bruner calls it, sounds just like B. F. Skinner's description of the gradual "shaping" of a pigeon to perform increasingly complex responses like "playing" table-tennis. Yet, despite superficial similarities, the crucial difference is that in a conditioning experiment the connection between the pigeon's responses and its reward, of sunflower seeds, is arbitrary. The mother's response not only provides a rewarding environment but also indicates to the child what is missing in the social interaction; while the child's mastery of "responses" opens up the possibility of many more conversational interactions.

These empirical observations are fascinating, but that is not to say there is no theoretical underpinning to these studies. The authors' central concern is the use of talk to perform social acts. The mothers in these studies often played linguistic naming games with picture-books but most of the time talk was used in the course of teaching the child how to behave, first in the family, then with friends, at school, and in society. Bruner refers to the mother as the "agent of culture" in the sense that it is she who initiates the child into appropriate social roles. The mothers described here are certainly inducing their children into a very middle-class culture. The English mothers in Bruner's book say things like "Come on, make the ultimate effort". "What's all that about? It's not very informative, you know", and Garvey's American "caregivers" are much the same. From these accounts one might begin to wonder how children who do not have such advantages ever learn to talk at all. There is just one revealing reference to a "lower socio-economic mother" who encouraged her daughter to learn the aggressive repartee presumably necessary for survival in the mean streets.

Garvey's book gives the clearest account I have read of the different ways in which reference can be signalled, as well as suggesting definitions for describing speech acts. But it could never have been written before the Brunerian revolution. As Bruner says in his autobiography, he likes to chart new ground, leaving it to others to work it in depth. The cumulative effect of Bruner's writings has been to release a whole generation of researchers from the straitjacket of linguistic theory and laboratory experiments into studying social activities in their natural contexts. And unlike other pioneers – Piaget for example – who expect their followers to adhere to some original dogma, Bruner is notable for his intuitive and tolerant attitude: he offers his wisdom and insights freely for any who wish to share in his search for a rich conception of the human mind.



"Breakwater, Rye" by Michael Beddington, reproduced from the British Journal of Photography Annual 1984 (203pp. Henry Greenwood, 28 Great James Street, London WC1. £9.95. 0 90041 429 4).

Imaginary selves

Clive Gordon

JACQUES LACAN
Les Complexes familiaux dans la formation de l'individu: Essai d'analyse d'une fonction en psychologie
112pp. Paris: Navarin/Seuil. 66fr.
0246 2826

Jacques Lacan's essay on family complexes was originally published as an encyclopaedia article entitled "La famille" in the *Encyclopédie française* of 1938. At one hundred pages it was considered too long for inclusion in the *Écrits* in 1966; now, almost three years after Lacan's death, it is published for the first time as a separate text. This is an unfortunate history for a seminal work which, extraordinarily unsuited to an encyclopaedia, is also out of place on its own. It would have sat well with the *Écrits*, as both an introduction to and an explanation of Lacan's later formulations.

Lacan considered that Freud had been systematically misrepresented by later psychoanalysis. In particular he felt that the Freudian unconscious had been trivialized and oversimplified by a burgeoning psychoanalytical industry. Though it is in the nature of difficult ideas to become distorted, Freud was especially vulnerable because he challenged

not only our complacent conception of ourselves as free-willed individuals, but in a more fundamental way our very capacity to "make sense" of things, to house under one roof, as it were, the disparate elements of our experience. For Lacan it was precisely the tensions in the theoretical models thrown up by Freud, the points of contradiction, that were telling.

An analysis that sought to "integrate" a person's aberrant productions, to bring them under conscious control, was for Lacan the precise reverse of what was needed. Indeed the authority of the ego over psychic life was the "symptom itself" for Lacan, the fount of man's unreal relationship with himself and his surroundings. From the time the infant first sees his image in a mirror he is split and fated to act out a gap that is "himself". To bolster this self, analytically, would be simply to reinforce the lie.

In *Les Complexes familiaux* we see the genesis of the problem in family relations. The family is described in terms of three complexes or sets of unconscious representations or *imagos*. First, a "weaning complex" (*sevrage*, weaning, also means severing in French), which gives a maternal *imago* of "primordial ambivalence" which dominates the whole life of man with a "haunted paradise lost of before birth and the most obscure aspiration to death". Second, an

"intrusion complex" stemming from fraternal relations as an imaginary sense of the other by which the self constructs itself in jealousy. And third, the Oedipus complex, by which the father becomes both the prohibitor and sexual transgressor, and which is both repressed, as a superego, and sublimated into an ideal parental image, the "ego-ideal". These forms of the imaginary have a close structural similarity to neurosis and in a second part of the book, on family pathology, Lacan explores the connection. In each case the structure is one of rejection (as an echo of an original tear or break) coupled with an affirmation of (that is to say, a desire for) a unity which is that of the specular image of the body. Whereas in psychosis the complex is patent and fantasized as a bodily disintegration, in neurosis it has a causal function and is disguised as a symptom (or compromise – for which the virgin is the model) and which perfectly expresses the ambivalence it seeks to conceal.

For Lacan, as for Freud, it is the dialectical movement itself that is of the essence. In his later work Lacan went on to describe this in terms of a theory of language proposed by Saussure, of which Freud was ignorant. Lacan's celebrated phrase about the unconscious being "structured as a language" is indeed (as the book's awful blurb points out) nowhere to be found in this volume; but the foundations for that statement are laid here.

Aggro on the terraces

Brian Glanville

JOHN WILLIAMS, ERIC DUNNING and PATRICK MURPHY
Hooligans Abroad: The behaviour and control of English fans in Continental Europe
230pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul £8.95.
071020143

Taken on its own, this book by three sociologists from Leicester University is largely negligible, not much more than a good piece of reportage which any competent journalist could have carried out, followed by a few perfunctory and familiar conclusions, and a laboriously well-meaning attempt to prevent hooligan "invasions" of Europe in the future. The tendency of sociologists to claim, in the Italian phrase, to have invented hot water, is much in evidence, but the authors promise a companion book called *The Social Roots of Hooligan Violence*, which may be of more value.

Those of us who have seen and suffered football hooliganism over the past twenty years or so will recognize all too easily the picture presented here. The book is, in fact, much superior to most of the flaccid, simplistic sociological and zoological studies of football

fans which have appeared so far, studies which tend to have been made by polytechnic sociologists in Oxford, who, greatly daring, go down the road to the terraces of the sparsely populated and wholly unrepresentative terraces of the Oxford United football club.

At least John Williams, the youngest of the three authors, had the courage and enterprise to go to Spain for the 1982 World Cup, passing himself off as a football fan in Bilbao and Madrid. His excellent reporting shows the English hooligan abroad in all his mindless, brutalized nihilism. It was the Duke of Wellington who called these fans' putative ancestors, in the Peninsular War, "The scum of the earth, enlisted for drink", and remarked, on another occasion, "I don't know whether they frighten the enemy, but by God, they frighten me." Watching the horde of bare-chested, tattooed, Union-Jack-bearing toughs in the streets of Bilbao, both observations seemed apposite.

I can only agree with the authors' almost perfunctory conclusion, that these are the rump of the working class, the people who have been left behind by the upward mobility of the others; if you like, the residue of the Welfare State. Years ago I called such behaviour the revenge of the D-Stream.

Since then, it has become appreciably worse and greatly more widespread, though it is only

in more recent years that it has spread to Europe, where the fans arrive as a kind of pillaging army, exponents of a perverted patriotism. The unlucky young Tottenham fan who was shot dead last April in Brussels by the proprietor of a bar, when a group of supporters ran out without settling their bills, was in effect paying the price for all those hundreds of fans who had done the same before, not least in Spain, where they virtually lived off the land: or the supermarkets. As depicted by Williams, such fans have scarcely one redeeming quality. They are the lumpenproletariat, violent, drunken, amoral, easy and obvious prey for the sinister organizations of the Extreme Right which now court them.

Their xenophobia is absolute. Kindness and tolerance are perceived as weakness. To the many cogent anecdotes provided by Williams, I would add one of my own. In Basel, where England played Switzerland in 1981, a young Swiss fan with two cans of beer in his belt approached a young English fan on the terraces and generously gave him one of the cans. The English fan summoned his friends, and they stole the other can. The hooligan fans in Spain thought the Spaniards "soft": until they made contact with a peculiarly spiteful police force.

Perhaps in their next book the authors will dig deeper. As it stands the book is testimony to the psychoanalysts' complaint that sociology is a discipline without a dynamic. This xenophobia, which easily extends from the anti-coloured and antisemitic feelings common in Britain to contempt for Latins or Danes, is perhaps the reverse of such youths' manifest self-hatred. They come, as the authors point out, from environments in which violence is a commonplace response, and there seems nothing in their lives but violence. Football has allowed them the opportunity to practise it, in fighting clans - giving them compan-

ionship and status - with the minimum chance of being caught and punished. The hopelessness, the deep insignificance of their lives, are thus kept uneasily at bay.

The "solution" which the authors suggest is vapid: "massive intellectual and material investment in lower working class communities". Where the money is to come from, how exactly it is going to be used to any effect, are questions which perhaps they will try to answer in their second book.

There is a silly appendix which sets out, at random, brief accounts of disturbances at football matches abroad, over the years, several of which are quite inadequately documented, and few of which are on all fours with the behaviour of the English hooligans. The point is surely not that English hooligans do not stand alone, but that violent behaviour at football matches was previously felt, in Britain, to occur only in other countries.

The authors' painstaking scheme for "linking the occurrence of hooligan behaviour by English fans at Continental matches" has a certain ingenuity, with its colour coding and its division of tickets into three categories - home supporters, English supporters and neutrals, but it is hardly relevant. The authors themselves are quite aware that the game is not the thing, simply an excuse for hooligan fans to go abroad and to create chaos.

To say, as some do, that these are not "real" fans begs the question. They are, whether one likes it or not, the new type of fan, often attached to their team, but there for the "aggro" as well. What the Welfare State has done to them is to see that they do not want. They tend by and large to be well-built, well-fed and vigorous. That their energies are so grotesquely misapplied is another, intractable, matter.

Living off the land

Stephen Mills

JAMES BUCHAN
Thatched Village
240pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £8.95.
0340 326662
JOHN CHERRINGTON
A Farming Year
136pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £9.95.
0340 282096
RALPH WHITLOCK
The English Farm
256pp. Dent. £14.95.
0460 043849

James Buchan's *Thatched Village* is a *Cider With Rose* minus the poetry, a *Lark Rise* without the prose. The author, now a respected television producer, returns to Overton, the North Country village of his childhood. Sixty years ago his mother, recently widowed in the Great War, had arrived to be village schoolmistress and had stayed to become a local legend. Intellectually and socially over-qualified for her post she had taken on the "Countryside" in single combat. This meant voting Liberal, and even stopping the old warhorse from marching into lessons unannounced and demanding that the children sing for her.

Buchan remembers when a number of old chestnuts were first roasted. There is the one about the fox that evades the hunt by swimming out to the squire's boathouse and hiding in its rafters; and the youthful yokels who, on their first visit to the cinema, jump up in panic when the lights dim: "Let's git abt! Soomar's oop!" His story has older girls with rustic accents and nut brown legs and his friends are called Jippo, Crum, Lettie and Artie. Time moved slowly in Overton. It was brought by Bill the postman from nearby Ashborough. When something called Greenwich Mean Time finally arrived via the BBC, it marked the beginning of the end for regional independence.

Buchan handles the familiar, often sentimental material with beguiling skill: he keeps you laughing. John Cherrington's *A Farming Year* is beguiling in another way. It offers the nearest many town-dwellers may come to a lengthy conversation with a highly intelligent farmer. Cherrington farms 1,000 acres of

Hampshire chalk and is agricultural correspondent for the *Financial Times*. He is a purveyor of good sense rather than rural idylls. "It gives me great pleasure", he writes of his lambs, "to see them stretched out asleep on a warm afternoon, growing bigger every minute." His book is partly a personal account of how he makes the lambs and everything else on his land pay. Month by month he describes the calendar of activities on his farm, but this format is really an excuse for numerous interesting digressions. He examines issues like straw-burning, the reform of the Common Agricultural Policy and the "nuisance" of hedgerows, from a farmer's point of view.

Conservationists are not going to agree with him but they ought to listen to him. He helps one to understand, for example, the frustrations of the recurrence of sheep-scab which the now banned pesticides, Dieldrin and Aldrin, had at one time eradicated from England. These poisons are deadly and should not be used, but the vast amount of extra work involved in avoiding them falls on farmers, not on wildlife enthusiasts.

Not being a parochial character, Cherrington has great respect for the innovative continental farmers from whom Britain has borrowed so many ideas, the Danish pig handlers, the Dutch dairymen and the imaginative French. "To learn what good farmers the French are", he admits, "is always a shattering blow to the average British agriculturalist." He also pays a kindly tribute to the itinerant Irish farm-hands, forced from the security of their homes in order to feed their absent families, and upon whom many farms in his area once relied for piecework. "They were grand workers, as emigrant Irishmen always are," *A Farming Year*, attractively illustrated with paintings by Bernard Venables, is by far the most enjoyably informative account of modern farming I have ever read.

Ralph Whitlock's *The English Farm* is also easy to read and beautifully presented. But like so many "histories of . . ." it spreads itself too thinly, beginning with the Neolithic Age and progressing through primary school headings like "The Iron Age" and "The Threshold of Modern Times". Consequently, when Whitlock finally reaches the contemporary farm, about which he might have had something new to say, he has run out of space.

Gall-embracing

Harold Hobson

PETER NICHOLS
Feeling You're Behind: An autobiography
242pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.95.
0297 783920

Peter Nichols had a pretty good start. In the road they lived in, in Bristol, his family was the first to have a car. He was educated at the Bristol Grammar School. Not quite Eton perhaps, but it had a headmaster that Nevill Coghill thought the second best in the country, and likely to finish up at Harrow. The young Nichols heard Sir James Jeans, W. H. Auden and Tyrone Guthrie lecture, and saw "an actor called Gielgud who only did Shakespeare". He was luckier than most people, despite one appalling trial; but this is a fact he has never learned. Misery is his companion and self-pity his favourite sport.

Caesar divided All Gaul into three parts. So does Nichols divide his book - Boy, Man, Father; and they are all gall. There once was an actor - Von Stroheim - who was advertised as The Man You Love to Hate. Nichols represents himself a Man Who Hates to be Loved. He is brimming with spite. At a publication party for another author's work he calls the guests "assembled drunks and derelicts". The note thus happily struck persists throughout *Feeling You're Behind*. The

theatre, once so alluring, has lost its charm for him. His experience of being a money-making, popular and famous dramatist has left him disenchanted, and for this he would like to blame the people who have "done him down", "vainglorious directors", filthy-tongued managers and "numbskull actors". He has always made copy out of his family, and he does it again here. As in *Forget-Me-Not Lane*, he cruelly caricatures his father. He claims to enjoy recalling the Bristol of his youth; but his pleasure seems mainly to consist in remembering that his first acquaintance, a boy called Archie Leach, changed his name, went to America, became a famous film star, and that his mother was committed to the local asylum. The erstwhile Leach did in fact come back to Bristol, and buy the old lady a house in the swankiest part of the city. This Nichols admits, and adds that, though he has never met the man, he seems by report to have a "very Bristolian character - secretive, close with money, and driven by non-conformist guilt". No man of talent ever strove harder than Nichols to make himself appear dislikeable, envious and mean. It is perhaps significant that he is devoted to illusionists - the chaps who make you see things that aren't there. Significant also that Leach, when he worked on electric, got the sack when he exposed at The Empire the Great Devant's secret mirrors. There could be no suspicion of sham about Leach. Not that Nichols perceives this.

Winner on points

Julie Kavanagh

LYNN SEYMOUR and PAUL GARDNER
Lynn: The Autobiography of Lynn Seymour
358pp. Granada. £10.95.
0246 117907

There have already been two books about Lynn Seymour, one an "authorized biography", the other a photographic and critical tribute to her achievement as the Royal Ballet's greatest dance-actress. *Lynn* is Seymour's own story, written in self-defence against those who typecast her as a promiscuous 1960s kook, and the opera house managers who, as if doubting her professionalism, themselves let her down. It sets out to expose the grime that exists beneath the beauty and grace in a dancer's life: in her case, the battle against a body that inflates itself at the first sign of stress; the illnesses that invariably coincided with first nights; the collapse of marriages (two), and her difficult double role as a mother. It also gives a vivid account of her unconventional home life, where the "house guest" of the week may be asleep on the floor, detergent used instead of vinegar in the salad dressing and a kitten segmented in the washing machine - the fault of one of a stream of nannies. But at the book's centre is the rather curious love story between Seymour and the choreographer Kenneth MacMillan.

It began as a teenage crush, which the book's semi-fictional style treats in Mills and Boon fashion: "Kenneth has *quelque chose*" I murmured lighting a cigarette and inhaling deeply. "What MacMillan saw in Seymour was the potential embodiment of his ideas: influenced by John Osborne, he had an ambition to make naturalistic ballets, and Seymour, he has said, is 'as real as anyone can be on stage when wearing point shoes.'" Her free, unorthodox way of moving (Seymour has never been considered a true classical dancer), and her directness as an actress, could make an audience forget the artificiality of the genre and allow them to concentrate on the character. MacMillan rechristened her (from Berta Lynn Springbett), plucked her out of the corps, and there began one of the most important collaborations in English dance history.

Both dancer and choreographer have a dark side to their personalities (they were to share the same analyst), which they draw on in psychologically turbulent ballets like *Anastasia*. They jealously guarded their close private relationship, but it was never consummated. Professionally, they were to drift apart and eventually severed contact altogether after Seymour felt "betrayed" over *Isadora*, a role she says MacMillan had promised her but then

gave to someone else. We are left guessing why.

It was Frederick Ashton who confirmed Seymour's stylistic affinity with Isadora Duncan in a wonderful solo which he devised for her, to five Brahms waltzes, as an evocation of the dances he remembered seeing Duncan perform. She was recently surfaced from "retirement" once more - to prepare for her performance of the Isadora solo at the Met's celebratory gala in New York. Ashton was also to provide for the world-weary Seymour what is perhaps the perfect role for a mature ballerina - Natalya Petrovna, in *A Month in the Country*. No one except Seymour has conveyed the complexity or the detail of this role. It comes as a disappointment to read that the slight agitation that gave edge to Natalya's lethargy at the beginning of the ballet was caused by Seymour's dread of the intricate first solo to come; and that Stanislavsky's advice for playing Turgenyev was behind the brilliant gradations of emotion in her performance.

Do we want to know personal details like this: shouldn't the dancer be indistinguishable from the dance? Yeats would have hated the kitchen-sink tone of the book, and possibly also the blunt realism of Seymour's dancing - "I spit upon the dancers painted by Degas" he wrote, "above all upon that chambermaid face." Seymour, doing *plis* to the rhythm of her washing-machine and with a face like an upside down teacup (her description), is a travesty of his ideal. But what he and the Symbolists loved was the dancer's abstract quality, her power of suggestion and when Seymour is on stage: this exists, despite everything. A friend is quoted in her book as telling her: "Your dancing reveals things you aren't even aware of."

Among other curiosities in *Accidental Times: a selection of bizarre and amusing Victorian accidents from The Times*, compiled by Jane Lambert and illustrated by Bill Tidy (136pp. Allen and Unwin. £7.95. 004 80804111), we learn that in 1843 a threatened darling needle thrust into the forearm of a young woman from Abergeenny emerged from her ankle some weeks later - still threaded and "much smaller than when it went in", that in 1839 at the Versailles, theatre, during the performance of the *Sonnet de Saint Paul* the principal actor knocked a hairpin from an actress's head and drove it with great violence through the eye of the prompter whose sight, however, was subsequently unimpaired and that, on July 15, 1846, Sir Robert Peel was absent from the House of Commons having, "incidentally rested his foot on a china basin . . . the bottom broke leaving him severely wounded."

In other words, it is quite possible that in *Feeling You're Behind* Nichols is (perhaps unconsciously) playing a game with us. He may not be anything like so disagreeable as he tries to make out. There are symptoms of respect for the character of Stanley Baxter, with whom he appeared in an army concert party in the Far East, and an approach to tenderness in what he says about his wife, which suggest that this is more than likely. Any man who has endured so terrible an experience as that revealed to the public in *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* may well have his outlook upon himself and the world disorientated; and the traumatic effect of the experience must be increased by the fact that it is this that Nichols owes not only his bitterness and despair, but also his fame and his fortune. A man who has undergone so awful an affliction, and seen this awfulness in another person near to him, cannot be expected to take a conventional view of autobiography.

Feeling You're Behind is thus in subject a book that appals. But to leave it at that is to ignore a vital principle of art. What matters is not what you write about, but how you write about it. There is a gulf between subject and form. A. C. Bradley, in his inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, declared that "Shakespeare's knowledge [and] his moral insight, Milton's greatness of soul, [and] Shelley's 'hatred of hate'" had, as such, no connection whatever with the aesthetic value of their

work. Neither had venereal disease any relevance to the artistic merit of *Ghosts*, and Clement Scott made a fool of himself for not realizing this.

This has to be remembered in considering Nichols's autobiography. The work is no masterpiece, but it has considerable literary merit, never greater than when it is morally most questionable. It is monstrous that Nichols should mock his father so unmercifully, but by doing so he makes him a great comic character. Several passages are in execution - for example, the moving account of an entertainment for the troops in Bristol - as accomplished as the marriage which Nichols effects between the greatest and most solemn of music and the searing events in his finely conscience-disturbing *Passion Play*, or his union of the ludicrous and the sublime in the funeral of the foul-mouthed sergeant in *Privates on Parade*. The whole book is as vivid as it is bitter; and it is as bitter about politics and international relations as it is about private life, as when Nichols says that America is "like a landlord from Dickens; they made us pay every penny of our debts and, having robbed us, knocked us down and left us bleeding". Even the dead, the irrelevant dead, are savaged, for Mr Nichols presents us with a poem by Siegfried Sassoon (a poem that drives home the siletto) which is as wounding to Rupert Brooke as he himself is to Archie Leach, whom you know as Cary Grant.

Falling star

Bruce Hepburn

DOLLY SHEPHERD and PETER HEARN
When the 'Chute Went Up . . . : The adventures of an Edwardian lady parachutist
171pp. Hale. £9.25.
07090 15518


parachute jump by a woman in 1917, it was not until a century later that her feat was emulated in England by a woman. When Dolly Shepherd took to the skies clinging to a trapeze attached to a parachute suspended beneath a balloon in 1904 it was still anyone's guess whether she would land feet first or plough a long and lonely furrow.

Dolly Shepherd was working as a waitress in the old Alexandra Palace when her mettle was recognized by Samuel Franklin Cody who engaged her, rather unnecessarily, to stand quite still while he shot an egg off her head. Impressed by her sang-froid, Gaudron invited her to join his troupe of aerialists who were then all the rage. After her first jump there was no holding Dolly back. For the next seven years when not going up she was coming down, more or less in one piece.

While not impervious to the adulation which her exploits excited (she was given chocolate cake by Peel's grandson and embraced by a duchess in the space of one afternoon) she accepted that pioneers have to pay for their

pleasures. She was retrieved from a tree by a bishop of Hereford and extricated from a barbed-wire fence, on which her costume had been ripped to ribbons, by an embarrassed young man hiding behind his overcoat. When in danger of being carried up into the stratosphere she kept up her courage by a rendering of "Pale Hands I've Loved Beside The Shalimar". In one dramatic fall she lost the waist after effecting the first mid-air rescue of a colleague. Told that she would never walk again, she made her next jump two months later after receiving rudimentary electrical treatment from an enterprising practitioner. But then of course, as she said, she was "no stranger to bumps", having recently nearly dashed herself to death against a locomotive which "roared beneath her like a maddened beast".

Her career ended in 1912 as abruptly as it had begun. Over Southgate she heard a voice from the heavens saying, "Don't go up again or you'll be killed." She didn't, and she wasn't. She died last year aged ninety seven, after adventures in both world wars about which she could well have told us more, leaving this endearingly jaunty account of her exploits to confound the shades of the editor of the *Staffordshire Sentinel* - whose like is always with us - who thought there ought to be a law against it.



Award Winner

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Remainders

Eric Korn

In York for a Book Fair timed to coincide with the Festival: but there was so much happening, from *Everyman* to hologram, that no one wanted to come out of the sunshine and inhale book-dust, so time hung heavy on my hands as it does, but more picturesquely, on York's, and I trundled off to Jarvik, the excavated and reconstructed capital of the Danelaw, rehabilitated, re-animated and sonneted, and puffed as Britain's number one tourist attraction, designed to blow the cobwebs off old dry-bones archaeology and bring the past into the sparkling new Now! world of Leisure and Fun.

It was, absolutely, the Disneying Saga. First there was a room full of videos honking about Danish rape and violence, rather contradicting the new peace-loving "we-are-just-farmers-and-traders-trying-to-escape-Scandinavian-gloom" image that the Jarvik excavations have done much to substantiate. Then we hop aboard a "time-car" at the invitation of the voice of Magnus Magnusson, who is very nearly an Old Norse, and are whisked backwards (nice touch that) past waxworks of persons in mini-skirts, in the New Look, in gas-masks, in General Strike issue mufflers, back through successive I mean precessive eras of the past, each with their emblematic pop-historical figures and characteristic street cries, the Great War, the Good Old Days, the Nineteenth Century, The Eighteenth Century, the Olden Days, The Conquest (more sounds of GBH), the Dark Age, until we slow down and see and hear and even daringly smell the streets of Jarvik, with its workshops and huts and alleys, crafts and cries and verminous cats and raggedy-arsed children with picturesque deformities and turds and tar and rotting turnips. (How much was genuine simulated aroma and how much olfactory hysteria I was too culture-shocked to tell.) All kinds of busy scenes are figured and given authentic voice in scientifically admits, "by their over-familiarity with modern Scandinavian". There are snapshots of quarrels and games and contemporary politics and song and spells and gossip (but thankfully none of Disneyland's nodding heads and wagging eyebrows), the whole thing worked out - the urchin Slengr is teasing his half-sister Hildr out in the street, and it is his father's cousin Ormr who has married the English squaw, Leoba, sitting in the hut grinding herbs and grumbling in West Saxon - with the same passionate pedantry that others put into the genealogies of Ambridge or Middle-Earth. And with the same paradoxical relation to reality: the more life-like the less likely.

Yet it is all wonderfully beguiling, and I would like to look at some of it some more please: but Time's alas wheeled chariot, hurrying like an ever-rolling stream, driveth onward fast and stoppeth for no man and, moreover, hath a wallet at his back; so a very few minutes after paying your two pounds to the ferryman, you are dumped back into the present, with a small but excellent museum and a large but expensive souvenir shop to beguile your pilgrimage. In the shop the best things are *hnefaeti*, a sort of Berserker chess set (I think the invaders always lose, but that may be because I play too ludily) and the published text of the soundtrack, *Jorvikinga Saga* by Christine Fell, published by Cultural Resource Management of York at a modest 60p, with the text in English and Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse, with solid but unpretentious notes and explanations, with runes and cartoons and artfully translated puns: "Allkátir etha Ólkátir, all-happy or ale-happy?" Gunnvor asks her hung-over brother Gamall; and the seamen's speech is full of kennings, on the current theory that superstitious sailors don't like to name herings or hawsers by name. (Philologists unfamiliar with modern Yorkshire religion will assume that "peculiar" is a misprint, but it is not.)

Shoving the public into a sort of intellectualized ghost-train and wheeling them past the exhibits has two advantages from the exhibitor's point of view: it gives him control over what the customer sees, the sequence, the angle, the duration, turning every Keeper of Antiquities into a potential movie director; and at the same time it gives him, to the joy of the accounts department, a uniform (and increased) throughput, getting rid of the leggers who want to moon around staring unprofitably at the goods on view and asking technical questions.

The Duke of Devonshire, short of a few readies, as which of us is not, for a set of new cushion-covers, shoes for the kids, that sort of thing, has been visiting the Jarvik Museum. "Thought you might like to have these few bits and bobs for your collection, say five-and-a-half million, shall we, frames alone must be worth that".

"Five-point-five Mega-nickers, you must be joking", ripostes the BM, "not a bean over five million and I must be soft in the head at that. I'll probably catch hell from Her Indoors."

"No deal", says the Duke, and puts the lot in auction, where it makes £21 million, that's £19.6 before tax, but after giving Mr Christie his richly deserved tip.

Poor old Devonshire is heart-broken, according to the press. "I deeply regret", his

Grace is quoted as saying, "that the drawings did not go to the British Museum."

Not, I would guess, exactly. Wasn't it, honestly now, more along the lines of "I dee I dee decheehee, I (chuckle, gulp) deeply regret (giggle hm hm) that the drawings (holoho chump) did not go to the Bee and Boo the Bu Bu Bu (£19.6 - £5.5=£14.1) Bu omigoshi . . ."

But London is to have a Disneyland of its very own. The Central Electricity Generating Board, finding itself with a redundant Battersea Power Station on its hands (rebarbative handful), had the good idea of organizing a competition to find the most creative, edifying and profitable (or at least not loss-making) way of preserving and using this friendly if unlovely landmark. The results, however, suggest that the judges, if not the entrants, have been going a bit heavily at the Jimson weed, the nutmegs, or the cohoba (a hallucinogenic snuff from Haiti).

The winners are organizers of a theme park in the Midlands, and they propose something similar in Battersea, with all the fun of the fair that has been a local tradition since the Thames last froze.

So far, so fair. "The pure basic architecture will be left uncluttered and untrammelled", according to the company mouthpiece, A. S. Pokeperson. Part of the untrammelling will consist of an ice-rink dotted with artificial islands and traversed by dainty bridges, and a "gondola-ride" (I suppose he means a ghost train, but we do need a new word) with 17,000 figures in sixty animated tableaux, "illustrating the British Empire". (17,000: isn't that roughly the population of Periclean Athens, by the by?)

The Great Turbine Hall, a pinnacle, so they tell me, of industrial Art Deco, which everyone is anxious to preserve, will become a celebration of pre-industrial London, with mock-Tudor chalets and rustic detail, which is a bit of a historical anachronism, but who cares? It will be a historical railway engine by the way, with a rudder and a mainsail, or, handing Westminster Abbey over to the Brotherhood of Amubis to take loving care of . . .

Ms Ge Poulter: What better way to restore the true natural religion, corrupted by the crude mechanistic dualisms of the patriarchal Hebrews, or S/Hebrews as we prefer to call them, Here in DOGHEAD (Disciples Of Gaia, Horus, Enkidu And Demeter) we see Anubis as representing an organic fusion of the worlds of man and nature, the human and the canine, into a unit, that's an un-it, as opposed to the metallic liteness of

Myself: Yes. Moreover there will be a creative play-area called "The World of Dickens". I presume this is Isambard Dickens, AMICE, designer of the Dickens commutator and tireless campaigner for electrical safety. If these be the winners, what, one wonders, were the designs rejected as less practical and appropriate. A dinosaur farm? A thousand-foot statue of Sir Francis Younghusband in yak butter? An equatorial rain forest?

I think it should be developed as a Museum of Fernandean Art, Culture and Folk-Life.

I thought you'd never ask.

L'Isola Fernandea or Ferdinandea (see *View of the Late Volcanic Island*, by G. W. Smythe, Cavalry Officer in the Service of the King of Sardinia) made its imminent presence felt on June 28, 1831 by a submarine earthquake between Sicily and Pantellaria which roused the dauntless tars of HMS Britannia and Rapid, emerged like Venus Anadomyene in an end of sulphur and a welter of dead fish in front of Captain Corrao of the schooner Thersites on July 10; and was visited on July 22 by Captain Swinbourne of the Rapid and Captain Smith of the Phœnix, whose reports showed that "the tremendous efforts of those submarine fires had obtained a splendid victory over their formidable rivals, the waters of the sea", in Smythe's words, which echo the late struggle between the Neptunian and Plutonian schools of geologists.

In August the height of the new island was estimated to have reached 160 feet, and in November it was visited by Sir Walter Scott

who found two dead dolphins and a robin red-breast, and disappeared without trace (it not he) in the early days of December.

In the interim it had been claimed for Britain by one Captain Senhouse, doubtless an ancestor of the well-known bookman-publisher, and given the name of Graham Island or possibly Hotham Island. But "the patriotism of the Sicilians was however highly excited by this achievement within sight of their shores; and those sons of Etna, embarking from the neighbouring port of Sciaccia, retook what they conceived to have been Nature's gift to their sovereign, and planted the flag of the King of the Two Sicilies upon the Island". Shortly before it vanished, it was announced in the Official Gazette that it had been named *Fernandea* (or *Ferdinandea*) "in honor of the monarch of Etna and Vesuvius". Meanwhile the French had named it Ile Julie, and doubtless put in a claim as well. Who Julie was I do not know, but Hotham was an Admiral, and Sir James Robert Graham was First Lord of the Admiralty. Having had one island scuttled under him, he was awarded the sticking out bit of Antarctica which was found by Biscoe in February 1832; nevertheless, he resigned in 1834, allegedly over the Irish question, but actually, one supposes, in a fit of vulcanological pique. Graham Land, which still bears his name, is currently claimed by Chile and Argentina as well as HMG, and the moral of all this, if moral there be, is that journeys end in l'vas melting and what's to come is still unsure.

It's a sobering thought that if the *scotia* hadn't been washed away by the waves, the Task Force might have sailed to the Med and we'd all have been enthusiastically denouncing the Sicilians and mourning the electoral consequences of the Ferdinand Factor.

I hope you are all quite clear in your own minds about Ferdinands, of whom there are now

than you could shake a stick (or a banderilla) at. The monarch of Etna and Vesuvius, potentate of the transitory pumice, was not Ferdinand I of Austria, "der Gültige", roughly Ferdinand the Harmless, (even though he was married to a daughter of the King of Sardinia) the one who, advised against a dumpling by the Royal Dietician (they were shivering from the rain in a peasant's humble dwelling, his princes in a ballet), whinged "Kaiser bin I, Knödel muss I haben" ("I am the Emperor, and I must have the dumpling") which - say my sources - became a Viennese proverb; nor yet his contemporary, Ferdinand VII of Spain, with his whims which "were sometimes mere buffoonery but were at times lubricious or ferocious".

Nor was it Ferdinand I ("Don Ferrate") of Naples, nor Ferdinand I, Emperor of the West, crowned at Stuhliwelsenberg in 1527; it was not Ferdinand I "el Gentil" of Portugal, nor Ferdinand I "el Magno" of Castile, nor Ferdinand I de Antequera of Aragon, nor even Ferdinand I of the Two Sicilies who was also Ferdinand IV of Naples, "ignorant, illbred and addicted to the lowest amusements and delighting in the company of the lazzaroni".

No, it was Ferdinand II of the Two Sicilies, "whose free and easy manners endeared him to the lazzaroni", but not for long, as he turned authoritarian and became, from his habit of shelling his citizens in answer to their criticisms of his fiscal policies, Ferdinand "Bomba", a suitable name for the monarch of three volcanoes, one temporary. Sic trahit secula mundi.

Among the awards presented at a reception at the Society of Authors on July 10 were the Cholmondeley Award for Poetry, which was divided this year between Michael Blaydes, Michael Hofmann and Carol Rumens; the Hawthornden Prize, which was awarded to Jonathan Keates for his book *Allegro Portillions* (Edinburgh: Salamander Press); the Somerset Maugham Awards, which went to Peter Ackroyd for *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde* (Hamish Hamilton), Timothy Garton Ash for *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity* (Jonathan Cape) and Sean O'Brien for *The Indoor Park* (Bloodaxe Books). The Betty Award for a non-experimental work of fiction has been divided between Ronald Frame and Claire Nonhebel.

Freud and Modernism

Sir, - Neither Professor Prawer nor I have been guilty of distortion. B. Burgoyne (Letters, July 6) is mistaken in describing Freud's comment on an Expressionist portrait as "joking and bantering". That he was angry and in deadly earnest is amply borne out by the words he used in responding to Pfister's book on Expressionism, writing that these "madmen" had no right to call themselves artists. Moreover, it so happens that I sent an earlier essay on "Freud's aesthetics" (*Encounter*, 1966), in which I inevitably discussed the same letters (though not in identical terms), to Anna Freud, who wrote in her generous reply: "Why is it such a rare occurrence that somebody catches really my father's meaning instead of distorting and misunderstanding it? I have learned to become indifferent to the latter, but I feel excited and encouraged when the former happens."

It was neither Freud's fault, nor is it mine, that his private opinion of certain artistic trends resembled those subsequently proclaimed by the evil fanatics who negated everything he publicly stood for. It was to these major issues, of course, that Thomas Mann addressed himself in the essay to which Mr Burgoyne refers.

ERNST GOMBRICH, 19 Briarcliff Gardens, London NW3.

Sir, - Your correspondent B. Burgoyne is right to remind us that Freud's message "constitutes an appeal to human reason" and that he does not misuse his theory for reactionary purposes. I believe that as firmly as Thomas Mann does. But the letters to Oskar Pfister and Karl Abraham which Sir Ernst Gombrich quotes on p102 of *Tributes* do seem to me to show how close his dislike of Expressionism and the modern art he encountered in the 1920s brought Freud to the kind of wholesale rejection which one associates with those who later gave currency to the phrase "degenerate art".

uses nor I in my review said that he embraced the theories within which the notion of "degenerate art" played such a baleful role, or that he ever expressed sympathy with those who propounded them.

S. S. PRAWER, Tufton Institution, St Giles', Oxford.

Duhamel and Valéry

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He was or had been or became Professeur en Poésie in the Collège de France. And who had more right? Professor Johnson ought not to say, as he does at another point of his article, "It would be idle to pretend that one does not derive pleasure from Duhamel's maliciousness." Malice is not a pleasure, unless perhaps to the envious.

PETER LEVI, Aulins Farm, Stonesfield, Oxford.

'Pygmalion'

Sir, - In a recent review (Commentary, June 8), of a Shaftesbury Theatre production of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Harold Hobson congratulated the company on its "bold and commendable feat" of presenting "the original text, unadorned either by music or received ideas". But the references which Sir Harold subsequently makes to Peter O'Toole's utterances in the role of Higgins at the end of the play reveal that, at least at this point, the text followed by the company was not the original but the vastly inferior revised version of the play which Shaw prepared as the Standard Edition text; published by Constable in 1941. Its adoption by Penguin in the same year gave this revised text further currency.

Pygmalion was first published in German translation in 1913. The original English-language version of the play was published in two magazines (*Nash's* and *Everybody's*) late in

1914, and collected, with *Androcles and the Lion* and *Overruled*, in a book published by Constable in 1916. In this version the play has the following ending:

MRS HIGGINS: I'm afraid you've spoilt that girl, Henry. But never mind, dear. I'll buy you the tie and gloves.

HIGGINS (Smiling): Oh, don't bother. She'll buy em all right enough. Goodbye. *They kiss. Mrs Higgins runs out. Higgins, left alone, rattles his cash in his pocket; chuckles; and disperses himself in a highly self-satisfied manner.*

The text which Shaw prepared for the Standard Edition incorporated revised sequences from the film scenario, a version of the work which, as Eric Bentley rightly argued in his *Bernard Shaw* (2nd British edn, 1967, p 85), is structurally weak in comparison with the "singularly elegant" original. In this revised version Shaw attempted, with unhappy result, to clear up the ambiguity of the original ending by providing Higgins with the following last speech and action:

HIGGINS: Pickering! Nonsense: she's going to marry Freddy. Ha ha! Freddy! Freddy! Ha ha ha ha ha!!! *He roars with laughter as the play ends.*

The existence of the revised edition of the play clearly presents a difficult editorial problem. Dan H. Laurence in his edition of the play in *The Bodley Head Bernard Shaw: Collected Plays with their Prefaces* (1970-4) followed normal editorial practice in adopting the author's revised text. But it is none the less regrettable that a seriously botched version of the play was thus more fully established as the accepted text. The original English text of *Pygmalion* is available in the well-known, one-volume collection, *The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw*. Unfortunately that volume is now not so often found on bookshelves as it used to be.

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S. S. PRAWER, Tufton Institution, St Giles', Oxford.

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COMMENTARY

Amiably erotic

Marc Jordan

François Boucher: Paintings, Drawings and Prints from the Nationalmuseum, Stockholm Manchester City Art Gallery, until September 1

The Nationalmuseum, Stockholm owes the quality and coherence of its Boucher collection to the *tableau-manteau* of the eighteenth-century Swedish architect, diplomat and connoisseur Count Carl Gustav Tessin and his patron the Crown Princess Louisa Ulrica. For, as Denys Sutton emphasizes in his contribution to the catalogue of this small but brilliant exhibition (48pp, Manchester City Art Gallery, £2.80, 0 901673 23 4), it was only the English whose acknowledgment of French artistic supremacy during the Rococo was grudging and grudge-ridden. Elsewhere on the cultural fringes, in Berlin, Madrid, St Petersburg, Stockholm, there was greedy consumption of the products of the Parisian ateliers.

With the acuteness of a cultivated francophile Tessin early realized that though good French artists and craftsmen were dispersed throughout Europe, the best stayed at home in the competitive and richly rewarding atmosphere of Paris. Already in 1715 Tessin had made contact with Watteau and his circle. But it was not until he settled in the city in 1739 as Sweden's *ambassadeur extraordinaire* that he began collecting in earnest. He did so both for himself, pushing his resources to the edge of ruin, and for the new Royal Palace at Stockholm for which he had overall artistic control.

By this time Watteau was dead and Boucher was the young star of the art world. Under the patronage of Louis XV and Marie Leszcinska (his greatest ally Mme de Pompadour was not yet on the scene) Boucher was fast becoming

the decorative painter whose agreeable, supple and seductive style was to dominate so many of the arts of the mid-century, from easel painting to tapestry and porcelain. It was natural that Tessin's contacts and his impeccable but slightly conventional taste (his interest in Watteau seems in retrospect uncharacteristically adventurous) should lead him to Boucher's studio. Of the nine canvases and thirty-nine drawings in this show six of the paintings and twenty-eight of the wonderfully fluent chalk drawings were commissioned or bought direct from the artist, either by Tessin or Louisa Ulrica whom he advised.

Strangely enough it seems to have been the less pictorially educated Crown Princess who had the more advanced taste. Tessin's preferences were more old-fashioned in his liking for mythological subject matter and unregenerately masculine in his demand that his paintings should have an explicitly erotic content. For Tessin it was the voluptuous display of female flesh that appealed. If the model was Boucher's pretty young wife (the middle-aged ambassador had a crush on her) so much the better. "Leda and the Swan", one of his earliest purchases, is a picture for an erotic gourmet; a true feast for the eyes. Two modish nymphs recline naked in a forest glade watching with expressions of teasing horror an insinuating swan, his neck and head pressing against Leda's thigh. The girls are artfully piled into a curvaceous Rococo pyramid of flesh, and the inviting pose of Leda's companion must be one of the most daring in the history of art. But the picture's true sensuality lies in the unexpectedly rich Venetian sonorities of its colour and the tender fluidity of its brushwork; qualities all the more valuable because they become rarer as the fashionable demand for Boucher's work forced him to employ a large studio for mass production.

book on Wagner, because he has nothing of value to say. *Great Religious Leaders* has "a whole chapter" on Wagner.

This is a clangorous irony, of a kind the play is full of. Simon Gray makes a lot, in particular, of juxtapositions between literary and biological (in)fertility. Stuart's wife has an abortion at just the time when, with his magazine failing, he most wants a child; later he becomes infertile, then impotent, and she gets pregnant by his best friend, who has never previously assisted at any human, let alone literary, birth (though he was there when his cat littered). *The Common Pursuit* is somewhat overshadowed here by *Betrayal*, with its sub-literary infidelities: Harold Pinter is the director of Gray's play, as he was of some of his earlier ones. Elsewhere, there is more than a flash of Frederic Raphael's *The Glistening Pages*.

For all its mawkish patterning, though, and its borrowings, and the generally thin characterization and plot (the first scene and the epilogue could easily go), the play both recalls and, in one way, improves on Gray at his previous best — the Gray of *Butley* and *Otherwise Engaged*. It is often very funny indeed: whether in the one-liners (Nick's claim that giving up smoking doesn't make you live longer, it only seems longer), or in set-pieces like Stuart's answering the phone to a creditor at the office of *The New Literary Review* and pretending to be an Irish caretaker. And it also has less vituperation, more warmth and generosity (particularly in the depiction of Stuart, who obviously owes something to Ian Hamilton), than anything Gray has written before.

As the title suggests, this is partly a matter of the play's acknowledging what George Eliot calls "equivocal centres of self". *Butley* and *Otherwise Engaged* are funnier, but they are essentially monologues. *The Common Pursuit* follows the trend of *Close of Play* and *Quartermaine's Terms* by concerning itself with more people, and recognizing the complexity of their separate claims on our sympathy, and each other's. There is a danger, here, of sliding into the complacencies of the kind of play one associates with Jack Hübner and Cicely Courtneidge. But the general direction is one Leavis would rightly have approved.

Jeremy Treglown

SIMON GRAY
The Common Pursuit
Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

Leavis, of course, got his title from "The Function of Criticism". The critic, T. S. Eliot says there, "should endeavour to discipline his personal prejudices and cranks . . . and compose his differences with as many of his fellows as possible in the common pursuit of true judgment". Simon Gray's new play is not only about criticism: The story of the fortunes, over fifteen years, of a group of people who first meet to start a literary magazine in Cambridge in the early 1960s, concerns the whole machinery of literature — writing itself, and publishing and teaching. But the subject remains the interplay of personality, personal relationships and literary values.

Leavis and Eliot have both contributed to the high moral tone with which Gray puts over those values, and their hierarchical arrangement. The ladder ascends straightforwardly from TV personality at the bottom, then teacher, publisher, loyal hack, blocked critic of genius, uncompromising editor, to the mad poet at the top. He — clearly based on Robert Lowell — is so high in the empyrean that he never descends to the stage, though we hear about him, particularly in a moving scene when the editor, Stuart (a soberly understated performance by Nicholas Le Prevost), returns from visiting him in hospital. There the poet gave him eight poems written specially for him, which turned out to be not poems but "eight shopping lists, on eight pieces of paper. A pound of apples, a calendar, a ball of wool, knitting needles, scissors, a — I forget what, oh, a turkey-drop." "What's a turkey-drop?" I don't know. "On stage, meanwhile, no author delivers anything more worthwhile than a 40,000-word coffee-table book on *The Great Religious Leaders of World History*: an achievement muted partly by the fact that most of it is clearly somebody else's work, and partly because it comes immediately after the critic-genius Humphry's admission that he can't finish his



Boucher's "Leda and the Swan", from the exhibition reviewed here.

The sultry eroticism of the "Leda" is replaced in Louisa Ulrica's elegant pastoral "Pensent-ils au raisins?" by an air of flirtatious rustic gallantry, at once more discreet and, in its obvious descent from the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau, more up-to-date than Tessin's picture or the two exquisite overdoors "La Toilette de Venus" and "Nymphes et amours au bain", originally from the Stockholm Royal Palace. But the Crown Princess's greatest coup was as patron of Boucher was to persuade him to undertake a set of four modern dress portraits, depicting the figures of the city, such as *Seigneur*, very rare in Boucher's work — he evidently preferred to leave them to slightly pedestrian specialists like de Troy. And indeed the Princess, after much nagging, got only one of the promised canvases. Yet she had little reason to complain because "Le Matin" or "La Marchande de modes", a small upright picture, is one of Boucher's most delightful paintings. While still in the planning stage it was described thus in a letter to Tessin: "Morning will be a woman who has had her hair done, is still in her dressing gown and amuses herself with looking at the trifles a milliner has spread out". It is entirely characteristic of the artist and the patron that this charmed and charming vision of "the sacred rites of pride" has no artificial overtones. This is a world in which polish and amiability have something like the status of ethical absolutes.

The spectre of a more rigorous ethical standard haunts Boucher's reputation. Diderot, in a notorious attack on the artist in old age, accused him of having every quality, "excepté la vérité". One can counter this accusation in part by pointing out that "La Marchande de modes" with its closely observed display of contemporary furnishing, dress and bibelots

has a sophisticated fashion-plate *vérité* of its own. Boucher's colour (a particular focus of Diderot's indignation) is, at least in the early canvases displayed here, though decorative and idealized, perfectly plausible. Many of the fine chalk drawings of children, peasants and animals observed directly from life, show that the fictitious pastorals and enchanted landscapes are based on a firm grasp of nature. But Diderot's strictures, coming from the critic who did most to promote Greuze's inflated claims, were meant to be comprehensively damning, an indictment of the moral, social and psychological as well as optical content of Boucher's pictures. Few now share Diderot's conviction that the good (or at least the useful) is an essential or even a desirable component of the beautiful. Yet it is sometimes difficult to forgive the lack of "seriousness" at the heart of Boucher's *galanterie*. Seriousness, that is to say, about the ubiquitous Rococo theme of love; seriousness that we typically detect in Watteau as ironic contemplation and in Paganini as prapric *furore*, but which seems to be replaced in Boucher by a sense of agreeable relaxation. The one painting from Stockholm which might have tipped the balance in Boucher's favour, Tessin's own favourite, "The Triumph of Venus", was judged too fragile to travel. Yet this seaborne vision of Mme Boucher, dewy-fresh in its handling, has a sparkling, affirmative, erotic *jolie de vivre* that, were the picture more widely known, would greatly enhance Boucher's reputation. Under the circumstances it is churlish to criticize the organizers of this thoroughly enjoyable exhibition for its absence. But let us hope that the Nationalmuseum's restorers can do something to stabilize the picture before the Boucher retrospective in Paris in 1985/86.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 182

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than August 3. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct — in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 182" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on August 10.

1 I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in between but getting wrenched with child, wronging the ancestry, stealing, fighting.

2 "You mean, the youngsters are — unfortunate?" "No, they're only like all the modern young, I think, mysteries, terrible little baffling mysteries." 3 The boys of the higher forms of the Charterhouse were then in the practice of taking their portion of meat from the younger ones, by the law of the strongest; and during part of the time that W — remained there, a small daily portion of bread was his only food.

Competition No 178

No solutions were received.

Answers:

1 Two little hands that meet, Clasp on her seal, my sweet! Must I take you and break you? Two little hands that meet? Lord Tennyson: "The Window".

2 "Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus buds that float On those cool waters where we used to dwell." M — and I had afterwards discussed the whereabouts of the Shalimar, and why the locality should have been the haunt of pale hands and those addicted to them.

Antony Powell; *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, chapter 1.

3 The two friends shared a taste for the macabre which had no doubt been stimulated by a reading of Melanoid and Borel. Among other knick-knacks "des ossements traînés sur des tables" and "parallèles aux mains d'écorché, celle d'un parricide, parait-il, dont le sang et les muscles s'échappaient collés sur les os blancs".

Humphrey Hare; *Swinburne, A Biographical Approach*, chapter 7 (on Swinburne and Maupassant).

The Conde and the Cardinal

Robin Briggs

J.H. ELLIOTT
Richelieu and Olivares
189pp, Cambridge University Press, £17.50 (paperback, £5.95).
0 521 26205 4

Almost exact contemporaries, strikingly similar in their backgrounds, titles, political roles and ambitions, the Cardinal-duc de Richelieu and the Conde-Duc de Olivares can also claim the more dubious distinction of having combined, as rivals, to keep Europe embroiled in a bloody and bitter conflict. Each minister dominated a well-intentioned but inadequate king by appealing to considerations of prestige and reputation, whose wholehearted pursuit must necessarily place the minister's abilities at a premium. J.H. Elliott's elegant and penetrating study of the two great ministers (an expanded version of his Trevelyan lectures) certainly belies its author's fears that "a comparative historical approach is always likely to promise more than it can deliver". In practice the approach has tended to liberate the author from that need to cover everything which has bogged down virtually all biographers of Richelieu; in the case of Olivares, whose defeat has proved historiographical as well as historical, we are still awaiting the first major biography from Professor Elliott himself. The need to keep the two statesmen and their nations in balance has encouraged an analytical technique, stressing the many likenesses while probing for the crucial differences. The resulting book is brief, readable, yet wide-ranging. It must be one of the year's best tips for last-minute revision, but over a much longer time-span it should do excellent service in pushing students beyond the weary half-truths so familiar to teachers and examiners. Rather than offering a new orthodoxy, this pleasingly modest book has the great merit of raising questions which should not be left to the reader with plenty to think about.

Olivares and Richelieu both came to power as rather self-conscious advocates of "reformation", who proffered remedies for the long-term maladies afflicting the Spanish and French monarchies. To counter faction and obstructionism in court and government they relied on a clique of relatives and *créatures*, while appealing for more disinterested ideals of service to the public good. It would be hard to say which set of reform plans was the more total failure, in the sense of proving inappropriate and inapplicable. Many will be surprised to find that Olivares was probably the more original and thoroughgoing, and certainly the more pertinacious, in his reforming ambitions. As the author notes, Richelieu's apologists can easily treat this as evidence of his greater pragmatism; the Cardinal explicitly recognized that politics was the art of the possible, coming close to making "necessity" the centre of his political thinking. Yet Olivares's two decades of power provide many instances of flexibility on his part, and Elliott is able to argue persuasively that the gap in ability between the two men was narrower than has often been thought. This is an admirable "revisionist" stance, the more so when combined with a demonstration that Spanish decline cannot simply be assumed. The obvious difficulty with this is that the higher one rates Spain's capacities for survival, the more doubt must fall on Olivares's management of them, or the more credit go to Richelieu's superior abilities. The only alternative is to follow Olivares's own opinion; always seeming to be rather baffled by Richelieu, he had finally to admit his rival's triumph, and understandably put it down largely to luck.

The attitude is revealing, for it points to a more general flaw in the Conde-Duc's perception of reality. Many of his memoranda display a vacuous sense of the inherent weaknesses of the Spanish monarchy; it was just this awareness which convinced him that only strong and determined policies would achieve anything. His analysis had deeper implications, however, which he never really confronted. The monarchy was pursuing aggressive and bellicose policies whose main purpose, paradoxically, was defensive, to preserve the Spanish Empire as it stood. In such circumstances fortune's wheel was loaded against

Spain; although in fact Olivares and Philip IV enjoyed their fair share of good as well as bad luck, there were differential effects. Military victories and the deaths of leading opponents never brought Spain any lasting advantage, whereas defeats pushed her further down the slope she was already finding too steep. Elliott's analysis of Olivares's attitude in 1627 is more damaging to the Conde-Duc than he suggests. In order to force the Dutch into making concessions in the New World and the East, Spain was trying to push home her advantages in Europe in a fashion that was virtually certain to prolong the conflict. It is hard to see the argument against seizing the moment to secure European peace, and concentrating resources on the direct defence of the empire, if this was what really mattered to Spain.

In fact 1627 brought what Elliott very reasonably thinks Olivares's most crucial error, with Spain's involvement in the Mantuan War. The disastrous consequences of this ill-prepared adventure are well brought out here, but one might add that even had Spain won, it is doubtful whether she would have gained very much. A French defeat in northern Italy would not have endangered any vital national interest, and Richelieu could easily have laid the blame on the Protestants, whose reduction to obedience was just then raising his credit to unprecedented heights. It was also very unimaginative of Olivares to regard the Duc de Nevers as a French cat's-paw; his relations with the French court were distinctly cool, while Spain and the Emperor had an enormous amount to offer him in 1627 against an undertaking to remain neutral as Duke of Mantua. As with the negotiations for peace with the Dutch in 1629, Spain would not make concessions until it was too late; it is hard to resist the conclusion that Olivares was an inept diplomat, not least through indecision at the crucial moments.

In any comparison of this kind with Richelieu, the latter's *raison d'être* should perhaps be given to the latter's *raison d'être*. The Cardinal's diplomatic ploys did not always succeed, of course; the attempt to use both Sweden and Bavaria against the Emperor could not survive Gustavus Adolphus's triumphant campaign of 1631. We know from his advice to Louis XIII after Lützen that Richelieu thought another six months of life for the Swedish king would have been enough for France's purposes. How far he was lucky in the King's death at that battle seems a more open question than Elliott allows; there was a divergence between religious and political interests here, which determined Richelieu's attitude, but now seems largely irrelevant. Another campaign or two like those of 1631 and 1632 might well have made it superfluous for France to enter the war at all, without any necessary calamity for her interests beyond the Rhine.

Such counter-factual suggestions are bound to remain controversial, and certainly one can construct scenarios in which the Spanish monarchy did far better. For all his problems, Philip IV still ruled over a vast empire, buoyed up by the revenues from Castile and the New World. Even more important may have been the network of political, administrative and military organizations which held the whole structure together, and proved extraordinarily durable. For several decades this external carapace of the monarchy seemed unaffected by the various forms of internal decay, despite the pessimism of many of its leading members; only after 1640 did it start to crack under the strain of war. The prolongation of peace, at least in the style of the Duke of Lerma, might have meant accelerated decline, so Olivares's war policy was not self-evidently wrong, however bad its results. In practice it does appear confused in both its methods and its objectives, never more so than in the period after 1631. By now all real hope of coercing the Dutch into an unfavourable peace settlement was lost, so that it is difficult to see the point of continuing Spanish military activity in the Netherlands and the Rhineland. Both Olivares and Philip IV appear to have been motivated more by a desire for revenge on France than by any rational calculation of possible gain, but not until 1648 would Spanish policy-makers recognize the elementary truth that the only hope for victory against France lay in liquidat-

ing commitments elsewhere. By then it was too late, whereas such a ploy would have been a very serious threat to France in the mid-1630s. The underlying logic of the situation is revealed by the strange fact that the French armies won no major victory between Avein in 1635 and Rocroi in 1643, while incurring several heavy defeats; in this same period Spain suffered the crushing strategic losses which finally drove Olivares from power.

For all Elliott's cautious attempts to redress the balance, then, Olivares's reputation proves very hard to rescue, although no reader of this book is likely to doubt his very considerable abilities, or the resilience of the country he led. From 1627 on he never seems to have regained control of events, partly at least because his concern for reputation encouraged him to cling to untenable positions. There is also the troubling testimony of 1633 from the English ambassador to Madrid that the Conde-Duc would habitually declare against his preferred policy, in order to insure himself in advance against failure. It does not sound the best route to rational decision-taking, and also casts an odd light on Olivares's apparently unlikely claim (after his disgrace) that he had always advocated peace. Some instances of similar duplicity by Richelieu can also be cited, but after 1630 there was hardly any room for doubt about his general intentions. Elliott may also exaggerate the extent to which his policies were "high-risk" ones, emphasizing the dangers from noble conspiracies, popular revolts and Spanish invasion. The last did threaten briefly during the Corbie campaign of 1636, but to claim that "Paris was close to falling" is surely unjustifiable. Despite the highly-strung Richelieu's own temporary panic, the Spaniards had no serious chance of besieging Paris while the main French armies kept the field but refused

battle. The invasion was only possible at all because the Dutch had exhausted their funds in an all-out spring campaign to recapture the vital fortress of Schenkenshan, lost the previous summer to a surprise night attack, and had been compelled to stay on the defensive once this objective was secured; even so, their belated response to French appeals for help was enough to break up the invading force.

The significance of aristocratic and popular revolt is also debatable. Even the Cinq-Mars conspiracy does not really look like "organised aristocratic rebellion" — it was the favourite's influence over the King which made it threatening, and forced Richelieu to take it seriously. The high risks, in fact, were to himself; assassination, loss of royal favour, or the King's own death. Any of these might have led to a French withdrawal from the war, but even on this supposition no great Spanish revival seems plausible. Popular revolts, certainly a great hindrance to the effective mobilization of resources, were not political threats of any seriousness; indeed, they tended to divide provincial society rather than unite it.

The temptation to debate these and many more points is very strong, perhaps the best evidence there could be for the liveliness and success of the book in question. Were France and Spain really set on a collision course between 1631 and 1635? How seriously would we take the periodic flare-ups between Louis XIII and Richelieu and such bodies as the *parlement* of Paris? Here and elsewhere I would wish to modify or question Professor Elliott's views, yet in the process find it necessary to adjust my own. In an area where final certainties are unattainable our best hope of approaching them is through give-and-take of this kind, which *Richelieu and Olivares* should continue to provoke for a long time to come.

Links with Lisbon

Richard Ollard

C. R. BOXER with J. C. ALDRIDGE (Editors)
Descriptive List of the State Papers Portugal, 1661-1780, in the Public Record Office, London: Volume 3, 1759-1780
436pp, Lisbon: Academia das Ciências/British Academy/Public Record Office

In the amplitude of its margins and the generosity of its leading, no less than in the pithiness of its summaries, this noble quarto worthily crowns the work begun in 1979 and reviewed in the *TLS* on April 8, 1983. Its publication happily coincided with the eightieth birthday celebrations of its editor, C. R. Boxer.

The character and scope of the diplomatic correspondence whose last two decades form its bulk, have been sketched in that review of the first two volumes. By this closing period Great Britain has established herself as one of the leading powers of the world. Greatness, however, does not seem to have brought magnanimity. British merchants still whine and bluster as in days of yore. The screams for police protection uttered by the port-wine shippers when, at long last, the Portuguese, grown set-up the Alto Douro Wine Company, do not reveal, as Johnson said in another connection, any uneasy feeling. Logically it would be hard to reconcile them with the outraged protests at Portuguese attempts to domesticate British skills, such as the recruitment of Cornish tin-miners to work in the Alentejo or Irish artificers, weavers, folk-workers, cloth-workers, whose products might compete with British exports.

The relations of two European powers with colonial possessions in the other three continents predictably generate a great deal of correspondence of special interest to economic and maritime historians. The period that opens with the Seven Years War and closes with that of the American Revolution is bound to throw some light on naval and military affairs. As in the Second World War Portugal was the scene of considerable intelligence activity, some of it of the cloak-and-dagger kind but much of it the straight gathering of information about movements of shipping, what was going on in Continental harbours and naval bases and so on.

once extent and importance seem to be in the inverse ratio. A ship's cook running amok in the Azores or the insolence of a Royal Navy officer towards the authorities in Lisbon consumes more time and paper than the great issues glimpsed in these pages. One closes the book none the less impressed by the general probity and efficiency of eighteenth-century administration in the naval and diplomatic fields.

From time to time a bizarre topicality makes the reader rub his eyes. On September 18, 1770, the Foreign Office informs the consul at Lisbon that the Falkland Islands have been seized by the Governor of Buenos Aires. The British government has demanded their immediate restitution and is fitting out "a respectable naval force" to enforce it. Six months later the consul at Oporto congratulates the Minister on the Spanish climb-down. Among the most interesting documents here calendared are the Portuguese reactions to the first American Declaration of Independence and the protest registered by Benjamin Franklin at the uniquely anti-American measures taken by Pombal's government and continued by his successors.

Pombal's obsession with the wickedness of the Jesuits seems to have led him into an unfortunate tactlessness. "The weakness and puerility of ascribing the resolutions of H. M. and his minister to the arts of the Jesuits cannot deserve a serious answer" wrote the Earl of Shelburne tartly to our man in Lisbon on May 3, 1768. Was Pombal ignorant of George III's nickname for Shelburne, "the Jesuit of Berkeley Square"? The ambassador to whom this was written possessed the most frequently misspelled of English surnames, Lyttelton, and its misrendering in a volume set up and printed in Portugal is an all too excusable blemish. Most of the few errors are similarly obvious and trivial. They are as dust in the balance when weighed against the fifty pages of index (covering all three volumes) planned and executed with the generosity and scholarship that has characterized the whole undertaking. The editor and his assistant, J. C. Aldridge of the Public Record Office, are to be congratulated on discharging so exacting a task in a manner worthy of the learned body that entrusted it to them.

John G. Wilson

No Hindu, no Muslim

Christopher Shackle

W. OWEN COLE
Sikhism and its Indian Context 1469-1708: The attitude of Guru Nanak and early Sikhism to Indian religious beliefs and practices 320pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £25. 0232.515085

Since the essential characteristic of religion is to offer a total representation of experience, it follows that religions come in "major" and "minor" packages only in encyclopaedias, not in life. Even a cursory study of the not very extensive literature in English on Sikhism provides a chastening reminder of this awkward truth. It may indeed be the case that the Sikh tradition is only some five centuries old, and that in spite of its recent diaspora it is geographically still very closely linked to its homeland in a small part of north-western India, but its development certainly illustrates most of the complexities of the general paradigm of evolution to which all religions are subject. Writers on Sikhism are accordingly no more unanimous in their interpretations than experts on any other religious tradition.

In straightforward expository accounts designed to meet the various levels of need of the classroom and the lecture theatre, it is of course possible, indeed necessary, to disregard or to simplify the issues which lead to such disagreements. With the establishment of substantial communities of Sikhs in Britain, the demand for such accounts of their religion has developed here. The fact that this demand has been so competently met is due in large measure to W. Owen Cole's dedicated industry, which has led over the years to the production of a series of most useful introductory treatments, most notably *The Sikhs, their Religious Beliefs and Practices* compiled by him and Piers Singh Sambhi (1978).

ambitious book. Together with Cole's short survey *The Origins of Sikhism* (1982), it makes a complete reading of the level of discourse from its earlier introductory treatments to one at which the complexities of the textual evidence and their interpretation must be regarded as assuming major significance.

It is perhaps only in such undermanned fields as occur east of Suez in the sorry deployment of our academic resources that a single individual should either be expected or himself

hope to prove equally successful in treating the same subject at such diverse levels. This latest transition in the character of Cole's oeuvre has not been achieved with entirely happy results. His religious sympathy and ecumenical enthusiasm continue to be prominently displayed, but so too does his reliance upon secondary sources, with original texts studied only in inadequate translations or as interpreted through friendly third parties. While quite acceptable in a general introduction to the religion, this lack of direct access to the textual evidence of the Sikh scriptures and the religious writings associated with them is a most serious disqualification of the present work's claims to recognition as a scholarly study.

It takes as its main theme the discussion of one of the perennial issues in the interpretation of early Sikhism, its attitudes towards the other religious traditions with which it was in contact. The debate has historically revolved around the questions to what extent, if any, Sikhism arose as a syncretism of Hinduism and Islam, and how far its origins, however judged, can be held to have determined the patterns of its subsequent development. There has been no shortage of proponents of Sikhism's supposed syncretic, exclusively Hindu, or even exclusively Muslim origins. But the consensus of Sikh feeling has tended towards the accept-

ance of Guru Nanak's attitude as having essentially been one of reconciliation between Hinduism and Islam. The interpretation of early Sikhism as a synthesis rather than a syncretism colours the usual understanding of the famous but ambiguous pronouncement attributed to Guru Nanak, "There is no Hindu, there is no Muslim."

Like so many others in Sikh studies, the issue was given a controversial fresh twist by W. H. McLeod in his now classic scholarly study, *Guru Nanak and the Sikh Religion* (1968). McLeod's mastery of early Sikh literature and the sophistication of the historical insights he derives from it have meant that it is hardly possible to produce serious work in the field without reference to his writings. As the starting-point of this book Cole takes a passage in which McLeod set out his position with his usual aptitude for clarity:

a common interpretation of the religion of Guru Nanak must be rejected. It is not correct to interpret it as a conscious effort to reconcile Hindu belief and Islam by means of a synthesis of the two. The intention to reconcile was certainly there, but not by the path of syncretism. Conventional Hindu belief and Islam were not regarded as fundamentally right but as fundamentally wrong.

This final sentence Cole finds quite unacceptable. The greater part of his book is devoted to an analysis of Guru Nanak's

teachings in an effort to prove that he did indeed accord considerable value to scriptural Hinduism and Islam. Much of the same ground already traversed in such detail by McLeod is inevitably covered, but in a more diffuse fashion in which the additional citation of doubtfully relevant texts in English translation from other parts of the world religious archive seems a poor substitute for the detailed evidence which can be gleaned from the original text of the hymns of the *Adi Granth*.

Guru Nanak was a Khatri, but his twice-born status is hardly sufficient warrant to adduce quotations from the Vedas or Upanishads to demonstrate his alleged sympathy with scriptural Hinduism. He does certainly use Muslim as well as Hindu terms for God, but the former occur hardly one-tenth as often and are usually contextually bound. The sense of the all-important context is often lost through reliance on translations. A look at the original of *Zilang I* would show that there was no need to puzzle so over its use of Muslim terminology, since it is Guru Nanak's only full-length hymn in "Turki" (ie, Persian). Eyebrows might be more usefully raised over the ascription of miraculous powers to the samadhis (sic) of dead Sufis.

Cole does occasionally add to McLeod, as in his renewed discussion of the prophetic character of the *Babarvani*, though the comparison with Isaiah seems strained. While differing with his conclusions, Cole generally pays McLeod due tribute, but he is somewhat cavalier in his assessment of his predecessor's failure to question received accounts of the degree of initiative exercised by the post-scriptural Gurus. This goes oddly with Cole's own apparently unquestioning acceptance of the historical life-span of Bhai Buddha (1518-1636), whose dates look even more unconvincing in the chronological chart of the Gurus and Mughal emperors provided.

"Guru Gobind Singh is a particularly difficult figure for the depiction of Sikhism as an essentially ecumenic tradition. The quotation from the *Bachitr Natak* that 'Muhammad was made king of Arabia by the Lord but his followers learned only the sunna' is dismissed as a casual piece of morale-boosting propaganda. It might be safer to dismiss Cole's judgment as a very disingenuous piece of special pleading, particularly as the verse is grossly mistranslated. Macauliffe's 'cut off the forekins of all his followers' is closer to the savage satire of the original 'ling bina kine sabh raja'.

However regretfully, one must therefore approach the concluding chapter with considerable misgivings. The author says of his book:

Hopefully, the study now being completed will be seen as a contribution to the process of freeing Sikhism from the influence of history so that its timeless message may be rediscovered and applied to the changed circumstances of the late twentieth century. Surprisingly, perhaps, there is little need for Sikhism to reinterpret its teachings. These possess a quality which apparently transcends time and history. The need is for a Panth which can extricate itself from the influence of history and attach itself to the doctrines of Guru Nanak.

No one would dispute the need for informed ecumenical dialogue. But the bitter events of the last few weeks have made it all too clear that most Sikhs prefer to live, some to die for the faith they know, however much its development may have been coloured by the influence of history. To them W. Owen Cole's new book will say little, while non-Sikhs whose interest has been awakened by the author's earlier studies must be advised to treat this one's statement of the evidence and its interpretation with considerable caution.

One of the first three volumes in a new series under the general editorship of John R. Hinnells, *Textual Sources for the Study of Religion*, to be published on July 19, is *Sikhism*, translated and edited by W. H. McLeod (166pp. Manchester University Press. £16.50, paperback £5.50. 0 7190 1063 2). After an introduction describing the literature of the Sikhs, the anthology contains a selection of translated extracts from the lives of the Gurus, the Granth scriptures and other works approved for recitation in gurdwaras, the essential liturgical texts, the histories of the Khalsa, the Rahit and diverse movements and orders such as the Nihangs, and modern works of Sikh scholarship.



Jungli's father, niece, mother and aunt in the courtyard of their village house in the northern Punjab, reproduced from the book reviewed below.

At their devotions

Dervla Murphy

SARAH LLOYD
An Indian Attachment 244pp. Harvill. £9.95. 0 002726378

An Indian Attachment is part travel book, part love-story, part autobiography, and very much more than the sum of its parts. Sarah Lloyd knew no Indians, and almost nothing about the subcontinent, when she "stepped into a plane of Indians" at Heathrow Airport. Yet at once she felt relaxed and in sympathy with her fellow-travellers. Only days after her arrival in India she recognized "a belonging more tangible than any I had known in the country of my birth"; and already she felt a special affinity with the Sikhs. Wherever she was she sought their company, whenever she needed help she depended on them and they "rarely let me down". Recent events in the Punjab give many of Miss Lloyd's comments a tragic topicality. She notes that: "Being an unpopular minority, the Sikhs tend to hang together. Being a proud people, it disturbs them when others don't share their high opinion of themselves, and this makes them more objectionable to those who are already biased against them."

When Lloyd met Jungli in a Calcutta gurdwara - a Sikh temple - he was wearing a high blue turban and an aquamarine tunic; a length of orange fabric was tied around his waist, and another hung over his left shoulder. In front of him lay a sword, symbolizing his membership of the Nihangs, that volunteer

religious army which throughout the past three centuries has been maintained for the defence of the Sikh faith. Lloyd explains, "I was moved by his tenderness, his simplicity and his beautiful eyes. Beauty is a great robber of my common-sense."

Towards the end of her two-year relationship with Jungli, while travelling alone in Sri Lanka, Lloyd found it expedient to describe herself to acquaintances as "married to an Indian". But - "I didn't like the sound of being a wife: I no longer felt whole." Thus, in one short sentence, she reveals the reason why *An Indian Attachment* is such an extraordinary book. Clearly it was her "wholeness" which made possible a rare sort of self-affection based on true self-assurance - which in turn made possible her integration with Jungli's peasant family in a remote Punjab village. There she shared in the primitive and monotonous hardships of Indian rural life, tolerating and being tolerated, loving but never demanding, totally cut off from her own civilization, following the daily rhythms of village routine as acceptingly as seaweed ways with the rhythms of the tide.

After a three-month break in England, returning from amoebic dysentery, Lloyd returned to India, where she and Jungli settled down in a tiny room in a dehra - a Sikh religious centre presided over by a phoney guru with ambitions to rule the world by 1983. Here Jungli was soon promoted to the position of head granthi - reader of the Granth, the Sikhs' Holy Book. He was on duty twenty-four hours a day; his daily wage was sixty pence. Lloyd's living expenses were fifty pence a day - "which covered my share of the rent, my clothes, medicine, soap, stationery, bus fares and half

our food". In comparison to life at the dehra, life in Jungli's village had been luxurious.

Because Jungli, and his family spoke no English, Lloyd had learned Punjabi. But she always found it hard to communicate with Jungli; his inability to reason - possibly a result of his addiction to opium - raised formidable barriers. In his youth he had been a professional smuggler of weapons, gold and opium and had spent several years in jail before turning seriously to religion and becoming a Nihang. He didn't understand Sikhism, Lloyd tells us, but "he accepted it, and he sought salvation through self-surrender and devotion". He was a sad, complex, remarkable character - and moody because of his unconquerable dependence on opium.

Why, then, did the intellectually sophisticated Miss Lloyd come to love him so deeply? Unlike many of her Western contemporaries, she was not roaming India in search of trivial excitements, either sexual or mystical. When first she went to Jungli's village her respect for Indian traditions made her careful to avoid any physical contact. However, "after a week of being together twenty-four hours a day, the relationship did become physical. It was inevitable. . . . When he touched my arm, awkwardly, woodenly, as if I were a goddess and above that sort of thing, I realized that this was the first time in his life. I was thirty-one and so, near enough, was he." The mutual devotion of Jungli and Sarah, and the reader's awareness from the outset that it can only be temporary in its fulfilment, gives poignancy to *An Indian Attachment*. In terms of the spirit this love-story set in twentieth-century India echoes another set in twelfth-century France.

On God's wavelength

John Whale

KENNETH M. WOLFE
The Churches and the British Broadcasting Corporation 1922-1956: The politics of broadcast religion 627pp. SCM Press. £30. 0334 01932 X

When King George VI, as Duke of York, was to be married in 1923 to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in Westminster Abbey, the Dean and Chapter would not allow the service to be broadcast on BBC radio, then just begun: they were afraid that men in pubs would listen without taking their hats off. And when, in the fullness of time, the BBC had added pictures to sound, Archbishop Geoffrey Fisher of Canterbury wrote in the *Manchester Guardian* in 1952 that "The world would be a happier place if television had never been discovered".

Divergent interests have made relations between the BBC and the Churches chronically edgy. On the one hand, for the first twenty-five years of its existence the BBC barred religious controversy. The BBC's chieftains of those days found both dogma and denominationalism a bore. The kind of Christianity favoured by John Reith, the BBC's first head, was "a thorough-going, optimistic and manly religion". It addressed problems of conduct, not problems of evil and death.

Reith's first director of religious broadcasting was Frederick Iremonger, a well-connected journalist-parson: Reith took Iremonger's membership of Boodle's as a sign of his "essential humanity and freedom from ecclesiasticism". The two of them seem to have believed that there was in most British hearts some kind of submerged, non-churchy Christianity to which the whole nation could be recalled by the wonder of wireless; and this mutedly evangelistic aim was shared by Iremonger's immediate successors: it was specifically abandoned only in the BBC's submission to the Annan Committee on Broadcasting in 1977.

But the BBC's early rulers were also professionally concerned to hold their audience. They wanted religious broadcasters who could stop people switching off. Most churchmen disappointed them. Iremonger concluded in 1937 that two-thirds of the churchmen he put on the

air to preach did more harm than good. During the Second World War, under Iremonger's successor, James Welch (an Anglican cleric and training-college principal), the religious broadcasting department kept a card-index of clerics who had preached for it. Most of the cards were marked with the letters N/A: Never Again.

It was Welch who in 1940 commissioned Dorothy Sayers to write (at £25 a script) the series of half-hour radio plays about the life of Christ that became *The Man Born to be King*. The chairman of the Central Religious Advisory Committee - the Churches' channel to the BBC - was Cyril Garbett, then Bishop of Winchester. Agitated by advance reports in the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Express*, Garbett thought it harmful and irreverent that Christ should be impersonated and given invented lines to speak, "especially if they are in the nature of slang". Garbett came round only when the popular press did. Later William Temple, as Archbishop of Canterbury, acknowledged that the series had been "one of the great contributions to the religious life of our time".

The BBC expected all churchmen to agree with each other. Welch was a shotgun ecumenist: for a national day of prayer in 1941 he tried (as part of a series of pulpit exchanges) to have Temple preach at St Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, and found it "shocking" that a difference over episcopacy between the Church of England and the Church of Scotland should make the visit impossible. Welch backed a BBC hymn-book that was intended to set off the various denominational books by "setting a new standard of hymnody". Finally published in 1951 after fourteen years' travail (which included heavy negotiation with Vaughan Williams, as musical adviser to the Oxford University Press and protector of both the *English Hymnal* and *Songs of Praise*), it sold barely 40,000 copies. The new cathedral that bought it was Leicester, where the cathedral that bought it was Leicester, where the cathedral that bought it was Leicester.

The chief interest of the Churches, on the other hand, was in church-going. They wanted worship to be congregational. Even though for years nothing was broadcast during church hours except a church service, Church leaders were troubled at the thought of the devout staying away from their own churches to listen

to it. (Incumbents were not much softened by Welch's repeated advocacy of rediffusion: he would put out a service, he suggested, and all they would have to do would be to set up loudspeakers in their churches and listen.) When television began, the Central Religious Advisory Committee fought an effective rear-guard action to keep Sunday transmissions from beginning any earlier than four o'clock in the afternoon: a three o'clock start would be a damaging competitor for Sunday schools.

Ever since Reith had had Archbishop Randall Davidson of Canterbury to dinner one evening in 1923 and amazed him with broadcast music (to the point where Davidson had asked if it were not even necessary to leave a window open for the waves to come in by), churchmen had been alive to the usefulness of broadcasting as an instrument of mission, a way of urging people into the pews; but the chief method of mission they knew was doctrinal exposition, and it was virtually impossible to make a doctrinal statement without making a denominational one. To them "BBC religion", supra-denominational uplift, was in danger of being a faith without a creed.

Certain churchmen also wanted to say things which a national broadcast channel could not readily carry. Upholders of the Nonconformist tradition of pacifism wanted to attack war, and in wartime they were not allowed to. Greater sufferers under the BBC's homogenizing hand were the Roman Catholics. They knew themselves to be different from other denominations, and believed themselves to be right. They had their broadcast services - about one in eight, which was below the proportion of their worshippers in the population; but (with one or two exceptions like Ronald Knox) their priests took uneasily to broadcasting for a mixed audience, and under a BBC control that excluded specifically Catholic teaching. The Catholic press campaigned for a separate Catholic channel. The principal Catholic sermon, the Mass, was never broadcast by the BBC until the Second World War.

Catholic leaders could at least take comfort from the fact that actual opponents of Christianity, notably the Rationalists, were kept off the air altogether: "surely a thing to thank God for", said a Catholic bishop in 1946. The ban on religious controversy was lifted a year later.

Convictions at the courts

Anthony Phillips

ST JOHN A. ROBILLIARD
Religion and the Law: Religious liberty in modern English law 223pp. Manchester University Press. £22.50. 0 7190 0956 1

Since the Second World War, traditional Christian belief has lost its dominant position in native English society. At the same time, that society has become a multi-faith one as well as being subjected to the influence of the new, controversial minority sects such as the "Moonies". This results on the one hand in a greater questioning (particularly in the field of education) of the in-built privileges accorded to Christian religious belief under English law; and on the other, considerable difficulty is experienced in assimilating other faiths into a system where the common law did not prevent a man "from discriminating in any way that he may think fit". Furthermore, an international dimension has been given to these issues by Britain's adherence to the European Convention on Human Rights, which under Section 9 gives everyone the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion. It is against this background that St John A. Robilliard examines religious liberty in modern English law. The result is a highly readable work, free of jargon, which raises both legal and religious issues that show every indication of coming into conflict with the more religious liberty is seen as a full-blooded human right rather than a matter of toleration.

After an introductory chapter on the general protection afforded to religious belief, Robilliard deals with such obvious concerns of religion and law as blasphemy, Sunday legislation and the constitutional position of the

Church of England; in none of these can the state of the law be considered entirely satisfactory, yet there is little disposition for change in it. Also examined are taxation, medicine, employment, education, the family, prisons, military service, the criminal law and freedom of movement and freedom of association as they affect religious observance.

One difficulty is that English law, not being concerned with abstract questions, nowhere defines religion. So the Law Commissioners in considering the possibility of replacing blasphemy (an offence only in relation to Christianity) by a new criminal offence based on "outraging religious convictions" could find no fully satisfactory definition for a religion, but settled for protecting those religions "which are recognised as such for the registration of places of religious worship by the Registrar-General". In considering the question of charitable status, however, Mr Justice Dillon argued that "two of the essential attributes of religion are faith and worship: faith in a god and worship of that god". This definition will not please main-line believers as it requires too little, while, as Robilliard points out, humanists will in any event continue to resent the privileged position of religion. It will certainly be challenged by the newer "cults".

Nor can the decisions of the courts always be considered fair as between competing beliefs. In the controversial case of *Mandla v Lee*, the serious implications of which have still to be fully worked out, the House of Lords, relying on the "indirect discrimination provisions" of the Race Relations Act 1976, decided that one set of religious customs (Sikh) were preferred to another (Christian). Further, the effect of *Glimour v Coates*, which denied charitable status to a trust for the benefit of contemplative Roman Catholic nuns on the grounds of lack of public benefit, is to show that some types of

religious activity are privileged over others. Nor do minority faiths always receive fair consideration in the courts. In the child-custody case *Haleem v Haleem*, custody of children was given to a mother with little belief in any religion and against a father who was a strict Muslim and wished to raise his children in that faith. Legislation adds further complications. While an English employer who will not recruit Roman Catholics acts lawfully at common law, if he refuses to employ Sikhs he is in breach of the Race Relations Act.

Despite all the difficulties, there are many instances where religion must remain a concern of law. It is to be hoped that wherever possible the liberal sentiments expressed by Chuter Ede concerning minority cults will prevail.

Let us hear all things, for I believe the common sense of the British democracy is such that in the long run they will winnow the chaff from the wheat. A democracy that has had the long experience that ours has can be safely left to deal with these movements properly when it has heard their case expounded by themselves.

As the lawyer Gmaliel knew, religious claims are best ignored by the courts. Indeed, attempts to define what is a "genuine" religion in order to discriminate against other movements are fraught with danger for all. Nor should religious lobbies seek the favour of the law over against those who, while holding no belief, none the less have similar and sincere views. That brings both religion and law into contempt.

The World's Religious Traditions: Current perspectives in religious studies is a collection of thirteen essays in honour of Wilfred Cantwell Smith, edited by Frank Whaling (311pp. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. £11.95. 0 567 09353 0), together with a bibliography of Professor Smith's books and articles.

Kenneth Wolfe, the compiler of this account of religious broadcasting policies in the years before the BBC was joined by commercial television, contends in his summing-up that the Churches would have done more "to enhance the intellectual and aesthetic climate" if they had been content to submerge their differences and let the BBC take the lead. Yet even supposing such a kind of corporate religion could have been satisfying, it would not have been possible. The Churches knew that among the essentials of worship are community and tradition; and however much the observer may deplore it, different communities believe different things from one another, and evolve different traditions, and always will.

It is a pity, since no researcher will pass this way again for some time, that the book is not better than it is. Since the publishers speak of a second volume to come, a few remediable faults are worth itemizing. The narrative is inefficient: the course of events is often unclear, and important characters pop up unexplained. (Sir William Haley, the newspaperman who became the BBC's Editor-in-Chief and then Director-General, makes his first appearance un glossed as "Haley".) The book is written in slab-like paragraphs built up for the most part from long sentences, the sentences often bulked out with capriciously punctuated relative clauses. ("The Jews who had requested access were left . . ." seems to mean "The Jews, who had requested access, were left . . ."; but the reader cannot be sure.) The exclamation-mark is regularly deployed at the end of indicative sentences as a nudge in the ribs. ("At this point amity took its leave!") Words are mishandled: we have "extrapolate" for "expatiate", "comprise" for "compose", "accured" for "acquired", "equally as keen" for "equally keen". On the evidence of "Quentin Hogg" for "Quintin Hogg", not all the names are trustworthy. This kind of thing makes the book needlessly difficult to finish, even for a closely interested reader.



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John R. Hinnells

The carved and the carving

Jane Rogers

PAT BARKER
Blow Your House Down
170pp. Virago. £7.95 (paperback, £2.95).
036068 3931
SUSANNA MITCHELL
The Token
192pp. John Murray. £8.50.
0719541387

Pat Barker's second novel, *Blow Your House Down*, chronicles the working lives of a group of prostitutes in a northern city, and the activities of a Ripper-style sex murderer who haunts their area. Sensational – and revolting – stuff, tempered by the matter-of-fact comradeship between the women. For the first ninety pages the story is compulsively readable, engulfing us in a bleak world of limited choices, squalid sex and flashes of gutsy female warmth and humour. Barker's style is spare and factual, and her ear for dialogue excellent.

Something goes wrong in the second half of the book, when the narrative is given over to two individual women: Jean, a prostitute who for revenge, and Maggie, the only victim who survives an attack. The characterization wavers. Jean has appeared so far as a hard-as-nails loner. Barker puts her into the psychologically implausible position of explaining her actions to the reader: "The only reason I'm stuck out here this early is I can't stand the flat. I know that sounds as if I can't stand to be anywhere. Nowhere's right. Yeah. It's like that. I can't rest." Not only is this kind of monologue undramatic, it is stylistically undifferentiated from the voices of the other women in the book.

Jean counters evil with evil, seeking revenge on the murderer, Maggie, after deep suffering and "facing the abyss", pulls herself together and "recovers her capacity to love". Barker moves into a heavily symbolic mode, describing the dead chickens in the factory where she has worked. "The chicken Christ on his cross might claim her as his own, but the risen Christ, Christ in majesty, pain-sloughed off behind him like an outworn skin, had nothing to say." Maggie seeks refuge in the countryside, and her restoration to human feeling is occasioned

Factory flaws

Patricia Craig

CAROL BRUGGEN
Crumbs Under the Skin
176pp. André Deutsch. £7.95.
0233976582

"Crumbs under the skin" is an unsatisfactory metaphor which signifies the flaws in life, the minor irritations and imperfections that keep things stirring; it is presented as one of the thoughts of Carol Bruggen's heroine, Judith Holmes, employed in a clothing factory, is undergoing psychiatric treatment for a mild derangement which carries with it certain delusions, among them a delusion of fecundity. In her less lucid states Judith cannot distinguish between her brothers and sisters and the children she might have had. She has even manufactured a husband for herself, Murphy, from recollections of her flamboyant father.

Judith's psychiatrist, Hector, has an important role to play in all this. Less prominent parts are allotted to the girls in the cutting room, and to the inmates of the hostel where Judith eventually moves. The former have folies and mannerisms appropriate to their status as ordinary people, while the latter are comic and endearing in spite of their defects. ("There was Herbert who thought he was a policeman and addressed everybody with the opening remark, 'Evening all'"). Carol Bruggen in the dedication describes her book (a first novel) as a fantasy; certainly the spirit of the undertaking is very dotty and unrealistic, which makes for effectiveness. The narrative is disfigured in places, however, by overwriting ("I do not wish to become one of those little black garden gnomes around whom tragedy bends and blossoms like blighted daffodils") and miscalculated feyness.

by a vision of the city (scene of the murders) from a hilltop in the rain: "But then, as she walked, the ridge of black cloud lifted a little, and suddenly there were rays of light, or rather great shafts of golden light, falling onto the city, which looked now like an island raised up out of the sea..."

Barker is not doing herself justice with this sub-Lawrentian use of nature (a theme not at all apparent earlier in the book). The counter to the evil which stalks the city is already present in the women's mutual affection and support. Structurally and thematically, *Blow Your House Down* is disappointing, doubly so given the photographically accurate and moving social realism of its first half.

The Token, Susanna Mitchell's first novel, confines itself to a smaller, domestic canvas, with vivid and pleasing results. Stella, a successful and charismatically energetic sculptress, is dying of cancer, struggling to finish her last carving (of her late husband), and to find the right moment to tell her step-daughter Mary of her illness. The relation between Mary

Criminal proceedings

T. J. Binyon

ELLIS PETERS
Dead Man's Ransom
190pp. Macmillan. £6.95.
0333364554

The ninth chronicle of Brother Caedfel, that herb-gathering Benedictine of Shrewsbury, takes place in February 1141; and the events of the civil war bulk large in it. Stephen has marched north, and been defeated and captured at the battle of Lincoln; Gilbert Prestcote, Sheriff of Shropshire, following him, is wounded and taken by the Welsh. Luckily a wounded and captured for the sheriff, but, before the exchange is completed, one of the parties is murdered. In recent books Caedfel has tended to spend more time sorting out the problems of star-crossed lovers than solving mysteries, and this is certainly true here. But an extra dollop of romance is reasonably harmless, and, like the rest of the series, *Dead Man's Ransom* is not only immensely competent and professional, but also a delight to read.

L. A. TAYLOR
Only Half a Hoax
176pp. Hale. £7.50.
0709015062

Minneapolis computer engineer Joseph Jamison is also the Minnesota and Dakota Chief of Field Investigation for CATCH, the Committee for Analysis of Tropospheric and Celestial Happenings. In other words, a bunch of UFO freaks. There are few ways, it would seem, in which a man might be more harmlessly occupied than in spotting UFOs, but when Jamison is called out one rainy night to view a tropospheric happening, he is, as a direct result, suspected of murder, attacked, beaten up, his house is set on fire and his pregnant wife threatened. An amusing, nicely put together story. The final explanation is perhaps overlong, but one can forgive a lot in a book with such an ingenious murder method as that to which Jamison nearly succumbs.

K. C. CONSTANTINE
The Man Who Liked Slow Tomatoes
177pp. Kudos and Godine. £7.95.
0879234075

Mario Balzic is the Serbo-Italian police chief of the small town of Rocksburg in western Pennsylvania – a coal-mining town with no coal left. One afternoon he slides out of a City Hall squabble over police pay and takes refuge in Muscotti's back bar for a glass or two of Mondavi; only to be pestered by a Mrs Romanelli who wants him to find her husband Jimmy. Against his will, Balzic gradually gets involved. Mrs Romanelli and her father, the inflexible Mike Fiori, turn out to be figures from Balzic's childhood; and his search for Jimmy Romanelli simultaneously forces him to reconsider and

and Stella is the heart of the story; each feels she has failed to express her deep love and respect for the other. Mary is Stella's opposite in many ways; reserved and unconfident, plodding up the rungs of a career in advertising.

The story alternates between the points of view of the two women, and moves effortlessly in and out of their memories of family life. Robert giving the novel pace and variety. Robert (Mary's half-brother, son to Stella), charming but vicious, talented but destructive, tests both women's love to the limit. The psychological unpeeling that goes on is painfully credible.

The "token" of the title (Stella's carving) is used to symbolize the ultimate understanding between Mary and Stella. This makes the final pages cluttered, with too much depending on the domestic-with-a-heart-of-gold (to Susanna Mitchell's credit, the only stock character in the whole book). But this would not have been a pessimistic novel, even without its happy ending; it is unusually honest, about both the successes and failings of human relationships, and does not deserve to end so neatly.

come to terms with his memories of his own father. This is an amusing, subtle, intelligent and extremely well-written novel which turns a sympathetic, though at times sharply satiric gaze on the inhabitants of Rocksburg and on Balzic himself. It is apparently K. C. Constantine's fifth Mario Balzic novel: why he has been kept so long from English readers is a mystery.

KEITH HELLER
Man's Illegal Life
166pp. Collins. £6.95.
0002314169

George Myn, the human in the London of 1722. Fascinated by the discovery of the bound and gagged body of an old man, who has died of starvation, in a boarded-up house in Drury Lane – an occurrence reminiscent of the time of the Plague sixty years earlier – Man begins to investigate on his own account. The author is perhaps too eager to establish the period background: Man's researches bring him together with not only Jonathan Wild, Thief Catcher General of Great Britain and Ireland, but also Captain Thomas Coram, future founder of the Foundlings Hospital. But the historical detail is interesting, and the whole thing neatly done: no doubt in Man's next case the learning will be worn more lightly.

RODERIC JEFFRIES
Three and One Make Five
188pp. Collins. £6.95.
0 00 231939 X

One of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most sympathetic foreign policemen around at the moment is Inspector Enrique Alvarez of Mallorca. He is lazy, unbusinesslike, eats too much, drinks too much and sleeps too much – but has an infallible nose for crime. And in *Three and One Make Five* it begins to twitch after a couple of accidents to English residents on the island. Excellent plot, with an unexpected final reversal, but the real interest, as always, comes from the depiction of Mallorca life.

JUNE THOMSON
Sound Evidence
190pp. Constable. £6.95.
0094656908

Ray Chivers, a thief on the run from the police, is discovered battered to death in an empty house in Chelmsford; an old man who might have seen the murderer is also killed. The two crimes are investigated by June Thomson's usual policeman, Detective Inspector Finch, who finds himself hampered by rivalry between his two sergeants, and by his burgeoning affection for pathologist Marion Greave. A neat, well worked-out detective story, which is given an extra dimension by the care taken over depiction of character – even the victims are built up, detail by detail, into solid personalities – and the superb evocation of atmosphere.

Two little beauties

Joanna Motion

CAROLYN SLAUGHTER
A Perfect Woman
210pp. Allen Lane. £7.95.
0713915757

Perfect woman billing, in Carolyn Slaughter's new novel, goes to Beth: such a performer as wife, mother, cook, company director, friend to punks and stabilizing force in the universe that it's hard to list her attributes in any hierarchy. Naturally she's married to a pretty perfect man. Humphrey is a bit of a shit, of course, but all the mullier for that. He glistens with energy, and if he makes his pile in the dubious area of gourmet frozen foods, he atones through commitment to his vegetable garden and talent at his white grand piano.

Coming into focus behind Humphrey is the inevitable other woman, also a contender in the perfect female stakes. Motherless Sylvie is a successful builder. Perched on ladders, hands on her slim hips, she has her workmen tamed and admiring. She may be mannish by vocation and temperament, and incompetent with the spiced beef, but Sylvie asserts her femininity via her gratifyingly large breasts, lurking under the dungarees. With a star of a woman at either hand, Humphrey has a wonderful time, believing he can love them both to satiety. But as one woman gets ill and the other pregnant, the sharp, mature characters of Beth and Sylvie blur at the edges, Humphrey grows uneasy at their changing shapes and all their security falls into chaos.

A Perfect Woman reads like a dismally familiar book. Ghosts of thoroughly chronicle middle class adulteries queue up behind the pages. Unavoidable thoughts of Poy Simmonds hover in the air. The brain-surgery haircuts go out for the evening, leaving the starchy labrador to keep an eye on the gravy pan; and even more as Humphrey and Beth do over food: "God, they were little beauties. Tossed in butter, parsley and a touch of garlic they'd melt in your mouth." Potatoes, that is. And the characters' histories are as packaged as Humphrey's briskly-selling products ("Finally her father's hunter had gone too").

This stock naturalism is bracketed by a helthy symbolic pattern of apple trees and dreams of women who laugh hysterically as their curls go up in flames. In fact, the only two unexpected elements in the novel's 200 pages are that Humphrey doesn't just keep Sylvie content with promises for the future but actually marries her bigamously; and that neither of the women seems to have discovered the novel. Stiffly folded linen sheets are part of Beth's domestic utopia, while Sylvie's studio carelessness surfaces in apricot blankets.

It's a shame. Carolyn Slaughter is sympathetic and acute in her perception of the sensuous of family life and the unpredictable weight that jealousy adds to it. She has a good ear for characteristic slabs of Jargon. But she starts the novel with an overworked idea which she cannot agitate into revival. When she seeks to complicate the book at its halfway point, the narrative, which has been uninterestingly straightforward so far, fails to redeem itself in an uncertain obscurity. The short sections which conclude the novel seem tacked on one to another, zigzagging to a dénouement which is willed rather than achieved. *A Perfect Woman* gives off a disappointing sense of talent straining in a pointless direction.

Marguerite Yourcenar's novel *The Abyss*, first published as *L'Oeuvre au noir* in 1978, and published in this English translation, by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author, by Weidenfeld and Nicolson in 1976, has recently been reissued (374pp. Aiden Ellis. £8.95, 0 8562 8127 1). In an article in the *TLS* of August 23, 1974, the late Mary Renault wrote: "Only now could so rich a talent, to which nothing human (indeed no living thing) is alien... be remembered in England – it is of course not so in France – in the sub-category of the historical novel." The critical reception granted to new translations or reissues in the last two years of *Fires*, *A Coin in Nine Hands* and *Coup de Grace* suggests that such a complaint would not be so appropriate today.

Observing, deploring, encouraging

Toby Fitton

SIMON RAVEN
Morning Star
The First-born of Egypt: Volume 1
264pp. Muller. Blond and White. £8.95.
085634 138 X

Alms for Oblivion, which towards the end of its ten-volume run showed signs of becoming self-defeatingly long and often degenerated into a series of ill-linked incidents, is now sprogging a sequel, and with seven volumes of *The First-born of Egypt* we will be faced with a hepta-decalogue. Those jumping aboard at Volume One (or Eleven) may well need to go back to the start; even though they are provided with a two-page *dramatis personae*, they may be understandably puzzled by the motley crew, including esquires, indentured pages and domestic chamberlains, who are deployed for their delectation. Raven's characters suffer from a servant problem, but it is one of nomenclature rather than of a reduction in their circumstances.

The grandiose epigraph of *Alms* was that "human effort and goodwill are persistently vulnerable to the malice of time, chance and the rest of the human race". Not that anything unduly moralistic was ever to be inferred from such a sentiment: *The Rich Pay Late* was announced as "a novel of depravity", and there was a nastiness about the earlier volumes which gave their readers a low enjoyment that had nothing to do with vulnerability to the malice of time. *The First-born* is described as showing "the purposes, beliefs and ways of life of the growing young as observed, deplored, or encouraged by their elders".

Characters are much the same, though one misses that fruity but cunning old buffer Cante-

loupe, dead without ever a lord lieutenantcy to augment his marquessate, and Somerset Lloyd-James perished by his own hand some volumes ago. Without such individuals the elements of sex, politics and money that kept up the pace and interest of the first series are much diminished.

Technique is also much as before. Different groups of characters arrive at a stated ceremony, talking of their affairs in loud and strident voices, and then depart, severally expressing their reactions. Themes, too, are much the same, with the expected jocosities about Jewishness (part of the plot hinges on circumcision), and some disrespectful fun about Lancaster College, Cambridge. We seem to have been closeted with a slow-action replay of a B-movie.

Times have changed, however. Tessie Buttock left her hotel to Fielding Gray and Tom Llewellyn (who soon sold up to Maisie, the still golden-hearted ex-whore) "in the hope that they'll have the same roty times in the dear old place as they did in the old days". Well, times are no longer roty. *Si la vieillesse pouvait*. The icy Captain Deterling, succeeding to Cante-loupe's title and at sixty taking to himself a young and vigorous wife, but disdaining the act of siring, even for dynastic purposes, has to seek a surrogate father in his old friend Fielding Gray. But even Gray, offered a louché tumble with the daughter of an old flame, can't quite, then almost doesn't, effect a penetration, even on a no-foal no-fee basis. *Si la jeunesse savait*. Undergraduate sons and daughters of these barely potent wrinkles prefer to keep their orgone intact for their studies, or for their sport – "my badminton will collapse" is tendered as an excuse – and they "do something less radical" than copulating. Heavy petting (or "bouts of hot bananas") is not the

roughest of themes for Mr Raven's pen.

Having to lay down themes and minor incidents for development in six further volumes, *Morning Star* teems with sub-plots, but the discernible main plot of this volume is particularly thin and improbable. A rich and seedy savant, Ptolémée's Tunine, is attempting to determine the relationships of the mind and soul to the brain. This soul-searching is done neither scientifically nor philosophically, but with infusions of Fenland herbs, an antique marble sarcophagus full of warm water, and a sensitive tape recorder. Tunne wants to collect minds, just as the gambler Max de Freville (now completely cuckoo and awaiting a long confinement in the perennial Dr La Soeur's miscellaneous clinic) used to try and collect all the gossip in the world. Unfortunately for these wily Levantine plottings, with prudence masquerading as research, the cosmic lie detector is nothing more (as a camp Lancaster College secretary puts it) than a "psychic laundromat". The hocus-pocus is lamentable, and lamentably presented. This will never do.

Hints of lesbianism and witchcraft abound, in a series of lame attempts to pep up the action. Tessa Malcolm, "niece" of the golden-hearted Maisie and a girl of carefully-disguised paternity, has a fascinating small hump to her back, but however enticing her deformity she is in the end shown to be innocent of casting spells. As so often in Mr Raven's novels, much is made of parentage and its problems; doubtful paternity, a recurrent theme, is here as confused as in a racy Edwardian country-house bedroom corridor. Mad fathers, bad fathers, dangerous-to-know fathers, proliferate; whether they will be correctly paired off with their children by the end of this planned group of novels remains to be seen. One hopes that its successors will be considerably better than *Morning Star* has prepared us for.

Activists

Christopher Hawtree

C.K. STEAD
All Visitors Ashore
150pp. Harvill. £8.95.
01002710099

"History is always written as if the doings of ordinary nameless faceless persons... were a grey and ill-defined background to the stage on which the politicians strut and strike attitudes and make decisions and laws", remarks the narrator towards the end of C.K. Stead's new novel. The political background to a series of strikes in the New Zealand of 1951 is sketched, often through the medium of wireless broadcasts, in *All Visitors Ashore*, but the novel's principal skill lies in presenting the memories of a professor at the beginning of the 1980s in a way that manages to suggest a rambling mind while clearly focusing on an exceedingly odd group of people. The result again shows that, as the narrator has it, "of course history is not reality, it is merely fiction badly written".

An earlier novel by C.K. Stead issued here, *Smith's Dream* (an intervening one, *Five for the Symbol*, appeared only in New Zealand), was described as a "chilling political fable", certainly it contains passages of some excitement and appalling violence, but the allegorical aspect of the novel, in which New Zealand has somehow come under the control of a lunatic dictator and – incredibly – is "beginning to rank among the top ten of the world's trouble-spots", did not entirely convince. Although the enigmatic ending was replaced in the 1973 edition by a more satisfying, retributive one, *Smith's Dream*, for all the clarity of its prose, remains a futuristic, academic exercise.

All Visitors Ashore consciously contains many devices to remind the reader that the novel is an artificial form, but the characters, refracted through the memory of the narrator, Curli Skidmore, succeed in being painfully and attractively real. The novel is a series of players one by one blow out their candle and leave the stage, yet somehow magically the melody continues. It is a musical analogy that should not be pushed too far, but does suggest something of the novel's structure: many of the characters have left at the end, always by ship, which, regardless of wharfside strikes, will remain the island's main link with the rest of the world for some time to come.

The young Skidmore, scorned by his parents for blatantly living with a girl who is not his wife, is regarded with indulgence by Melior Farbro, a middle-aged artist troubled by his relationship with Kenny, who is involved in the political unrest. In his garden works Cecelia Skyways, furiously typing out her *Memoirs of a Railway Siding*, who appears to have left a convent where she had met someone with whom she maintains a jocular correspondence; in time the nunnery is revealed to have been an asylum, and the letter-writing becomes increasingly peculiar. The flat inhabited by Curli and Pat (her name goes through various transmutations) belongs to Mrs Battle and her son Charles, who is capable only of working as a ticket-clipper at the harbourside. She is in the habit of clumping through with the post at the most unfortunate moments. Another part of the building is let to Nathan and Felice Stockman, aspiring musicians, who failed as temporary restaurateurs when Felice ran off with the chef (she was returned in exchange for an old MG). Such a summary risks over-emphasizing the farcical side of the novel, which is perhaps most successful in the section where the protracted stages in Felice's seduction of Curli are alternated with Pat's journey to and from the harbour to see off Miss Skyways. The comedy of *All Visitors Ashore* is strengthened by an underlying narrative reflection on ambition and the twists it takes. To become a professor is a strange, not altogether satisfying fate for someone who in 1951 read out a poem in the company of James K. Baxter. Glimpsed later at Covent Garden, Felice's "girth had grown with her voice, and her reputation with both, and now all three were outside... it was difficult to connect that rotundity in cardboard armour with the lively little sexual activist in Mrs. Battle's outhouse flat".

The lie redemptive

John Clute

STEPHEN WRIGHT
Meditations in Green
342pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0241113113

James Griffin has been wounded in Vietnam, and has been invalided home to hobble through the glare and shadow of a civilian life he can no longer understand. He finds a West Coast guru, aptly named Arden, who persuades him to try to overcome his war traumas through daily meditations in which, soothingly and healingly, he is to assimilate himself to plant life.

These *Meditations in Green*, presented to the reader in a series of extended flashbacks to the nightmare of Vietnam as Griffin seems to have experienced it, make up the bulk of Stephen Wright's admirable, brave, slippery first novel. Most of it – certainly Griffin's renderings of his life as a soldier – is a tissue of lies. Therein lies the strength and cunning of this remarkable, dogged portrait of the unportrayable.

It is a truism that, for those Americans who were caught in the war, Vietnam was a tragedy without catharsis, a nightmare without shape or awakening, impossible to grasp. And it is precisely the impossibility of Vietnam as a subject of redemptive art that, slyly but unmistakably, governs the strategy of *Meditations in Green*.

Our first vision of Griffin (he is also aptly named) reveals him aping the secure slow passivity of a potted plant, though even sunk into vegetable stasis he is vulnerable to commands beyond his ken, horrors he cannot parse. It is, of course, rather like being a soldier. He cannot escape. He tumbles backwards in time to Vietnam, again and again. And there (in the flashbacks we read) he fabricates a kind of reality.

With each flashback, first-person narrative changes to third; but Vietnam in 1970 cannot really be looked at objectively, or with detachment. If we expect a coherent plot we are soon disabused. On the verge of coherence, fragments of the story shift abruptly into phantasmagoria; or come to an end. Characters whose

inner thoughts Griffin recounts drift into the jungle, or die, or go insane. Before turning catatonic, Claypool has a telling insight in the jungle, which he never passes on to Griffin, though Griffin passes it on to us: "No movie had ever been made in here", he realizes; "If there can be no movie, no art, then there can be no truth."

Therefore Griffin is a liar. He has been surrounded by intelligence – much of the book takes place in the compound of the 1069th Intelligence Group – but the horrors swamp out all naive attempts at finding the truth. He has seen fellow-draftee Weird Wendell make an interminable documentary film, and has

Grey areas

Neville Shack

MICHAEL STEWART
For Cry
260pp. Macmillan. £7.95.
0333371801

The beginning of this novel carries the heavy weight of predestination. A car shifts into low gear and turns a bend at the foot of a hill; the boy who is running in the middle of the road has his appointment with fate confirmed. The unwitting driver, on the other hand, shows every sign of having been made to measure for the rigours of a psycho-thriller: a man who will stop at nothing until he can finally uncover the truth. The only other claims on his attention are his dog, called Dog (a sure sign of *ennui*) and his memories of a dead wife.

The setting is almost reassuringly commonplace. There are some ominous details and a vague sense of strangeness, which rapidly begin to blend with the monochromatic narrative. The boy survives, but suffers what appears to be an epileptic fit, while the man falls victim to a dangerous excess of curiosity. What can be wrong with a boy who still pursues fairly normal interests like home computers and fishing? What can be right with a man who suspects that all is not what it seems and opists the help of a psychiatrist friend to delve into the boy's medical case and, ultimately, his per-

sonal history?

Psychological enigmas are scotched by a fatigue in the prose; the dark shading behind which you might expect terrible secrets to lurk proves to be yet another aspect of the dull, commonplace world portrayed. An over-protective mother gives little away, but she never suggests that there are many inscrutable depths in her either.

The main mystery here concerns the human brain and the search for a real diagnosis of the boy's obvious disorder. Inductive scientific reasoning emerges as the hero of the book. More interest is generated by exploring a specific method such as this than by anything as casual as a bloodless human drama. Frank, the original agent of the boy's fate, is told at one stage that his problem lies in having a naïve, Cartesian view of the brain. Mental disorders can be both psychological and mechanical. But before the information is absorbed properly in our own scientifically illiterate heads, a flood of jargonized neurones, electrons and macromolecules threatens to wipe out the delicate mystery of what all that grey matter is really about.

When the wretched Frank chokes on a surfeit of extremely clinical theory related to brain functioning and cries out that he is being kept in the dark, Michael Stewart's resident boffin diagnoses paranoia. A wise reader will know better than to complain about this lopsidedly discursive book.

Campaign medals

Correlli Barnett

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CARVER
The Seven Ages of the British Army
332pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95.
0297 783734

As the author of *Britain and Her Army*, I can fully understand the immense problems of selection and compression faced by Field Marshal Lord Carver in setting out to write a one-volume history of British military institutions over several centuries. The subject-matter is enormous and complex: all the army's battles, campaigns and wars; the peculiar nature of the regimental system, tempting an author to write a history of regiments; the confused organization and divided responsibilities in the higher military administration; the impact of new technology on tactics and logistics; the evolution of a staff system and education; leaders and leadership. Nor is this all by a long way, for the army supplied a key factor in the political and constitutional struggles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while its own development is deeply interwoven with the history of the expansion and eventual contraction of British imperial power. Its strategic roles have lain at the heart of the perennial British debate between land-power "Continentalists" and the "blue water" school of grand strategy. Nonetheless, Lord Carver brought to his task a decisive advantage denied to the mere literary historian: he himself has commanded soldiers from every level from platoon leader to Chief of the General Staff.

It might therefore be expected that his new book, *The Seven Ages of the British Army*, would be rich in insights into the problems of great predecessors like Marlborough, Wellington and Haig; that it would furnish enlightening professional evaluations of the judgment and leadership of the commanders of the past within the contexts of the military and political dilemmas in which they found themselves. Nor does the still live issue of the opposite strategic pulls on the army's deployment and organization exerted in defence policy by the Continental commitment and the world role. The reader has largely to be satisfied with densely factual summaries of campaigns, thick with detail but weak on critical evaluation, and of the army's own internal changes. The effect is of a highly old-fashioned military history of the kind that C.T. Atkinson was writing in the 1920s; an effect heightened by the dry, not to say grey, narrative style, and which at worst can produce such introductory statements as "India was not the only area in which British soldiers had fought since Waterloo; Africa and

China also saw them in action", and: "The causes of the Indian Mutiny were numerous." In the absence of a strongly thematic treatment to give shape to his material, Carver has adopted the artificial device of dividing his book into the "seven ages" of the army's leadership figures: Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington, Roberts and Wolseley jointly, Haig, Montgomery and Templer. However, in some cases "ages" long outlive or predate their eponymous heroes. Thus the age of Marlborough takes us through to 1763, compelling Carver to explain that "The age of Marlborough, who died forty-one years before, was now at an end, six years before the birth of Arthur Wellesley, whose fame was to equal his". Then again, the age of Wolseley and Roberts opens in 1816, even though these worthies were born respectively in 1833 and 1832, and Wellington himself lived on to 1852—with startlingly effects on the army, as Carver himself says.

It is possible to cavil at the relative amount of coverage accorded to different campaigns by Carver. Slim's brilliant 1945 campaign in central Burma is given less than two pages, about the ration for relatively minor postwar colonial "emergencies" like Malaya, the Mau Mau in Kenya, Cyprus and "confrontation" with Indonesia.

The maps heighten the impression of a 1920s-style history, being skeletal representations of theatres of war devoid of explanatory matter, or battle sketches comprising meaningless strings of rectangles within largely blank spaces, and so giving no indication of the dynamic development of events.

It is really only when he comes to the Second World War and the post-war era that Carver ventures on the trenchant judgments, founded on his own professional understanding, which could have rendered his account of earlier commanders, governments and wars fascinating and valuable. He tells us, for instance, that the disastrous Montgomery's over-optimism and Browning's pressure; and he roundly criticizes the political escapism of the 1957 Defence White Paper, which vainly expected to enable Britain cheaply to continue her world military role by means of a strategic reserve deployed and supplied from Britain by air. Let us hope that Lord Carver, having written his textbook, will now embark on an uninhibited personal look at British military history and its great issues.

Hiding out

Hugh Teye

ROBERT HAMOND
A Fearful Freedom: The story of one man's survival behind the lines in Japanese occupied Malaya 1942–45
181pp. Leo Cooper/Secker and Warburg. £8.95.
0 336 19081 8.

Private E.J. Wright of the Royal Norfolk Regiment reached Singapore with his battalion on January 13, 1942, barely a month before the surrender. The battalion was in action less than 50 miles from Singapore within a few days. On January 26, Wright was badly wounded in the foot; by the 29th he was alone in the jungle, dragging himself from refuge to refuge, obtaining help from some country people, narrowly escaping the treachery of others, until picked up in early March by Chinese Communist guerrillas. Three years and three months later he was rescued by HM Submarine Thule from a Malayan beach. Once home in peaceful Norfolk, his memories seemed scarcely believable; he kept them to himself, the stuff of his nightmares. In 1975 Robert Hamond, ex-prisoner of war of the Japanese, persuaded Jim Wright to tell his story. The result is this well-researched, soberly written and fascinating book.

The rescue by a guerrilla band which already had twenty five British and Australian soldiers on its hands, was the beginning of a year of the most acute hardship. Wright and his comrades helped the Chinese in many successful skirmishes with the Japanese. But food was scarce, drugs were scarcer, the Japanese a constant terror, the jungle marches to escape them hard, long and frequent. By the end of May 1943, twenty of the men had died of malaria, beri-beri, dysentery, nostalgic despair or plain starvation, and two had been captured. Wright, his wound imperfectly healed, had himself come close to death. The guerrillas too marvelled at his tough courage, calling him a "man of iron".

In June 1943, the four who were left joined well-organized guerrilla headquarters where they led a comparatively settled and healthy existence, well integrated with the guerrillas and bravely supported by Chinese villages nearby. A year later two more were to die on a desperate expedition led by the officer in charge of a stay-behind wireless station with which they had come into contact.

By the end of 1944, Force 136 was operating in the area. The Japanese reacted and moves became frequent again, but now at least there were organized supplies, trained Special Forces leaders and the serious possibility of getting home. Difficulties remained. It was no light matter to make and reach a rendezvous with a submarine under the nose of the Japanese Navy. Finally, through swamp, boats of malaria, floods and jungle, Jim Wright and one companion reached home.

Remarkable as a tale of endurance, the book also sheds light on Japanese behaviour in total Malaya. The massacres of wounded prisoners at Parit Sulong in Johore and at the Alexandra Hospital, and of up to 10,000 Chinese in Singapore immediately after the surrender are well known. In the countryside also "they had made a speciality of killing and torturing the Chinese... beheading the men and torturing the women after raping them"; a policy of terror it may have been, but "the Japanese were sufficiently degraded and sadistic to enjoy these orgies of murder and torture". Wright and his comrades witnessed unspeakable atrocities in villages suspected of aiding the guerrillas. Yet they were never more than 50 miles from Singapore itself. For all the terror and their boasted jungle skill, the Japanese failed to control even the fringes of the forest. When the war ended the guerrillas were stronger than they had ever been, as the colonial government soon discovered.

In 1970 Wright returned to Malaya, identified the scene of battle and rediscovered enough of the Malay language to talk to villagers he met. "You were lucky not to die", said an elderly Chinese. "Many, many women and children too, were killed". Those bad times were past; now, the country was peaceful and prosperous. "You fought for the good we enjoy", he said, a tribute as generous as it was unexpected.

SAS, The Jungle Frontier will be published in paperback by Fontana on July 26, at £2.50.

Enormities beyond measure

George Steiner

SARAH GORDON
Hitler, Germans, and the "Jewish Question"
412pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £37 (paperback, £10.40).
0691054126

Certain topics ought to be dragon-hedged. Hitler's massacre of west European and of slav Jewry, his success in marshalling Germany, the heartland of western metaphysics, music, academic ideals, towards mass bestiality and suicidal myths, are an abiding challenge not only to historical understanding, to sociology or collective psychology. They defy rationality itself, they suggest distinct limitations to the reach of language in the face of certain orders or pathologies of human experience. No single discipline of discourse, historical, economic, psychological, political or psychoanalytic, no combination of cognitive methods has, so far, done more than reduce to factitious plausibility the Hitler phenomenon and the mass abdication from humanity which it induced in the very core of an ancient and apparently insured civilization. The acutest diagnoses, the few insights commensurate with the abyss, have tended to come from the previsions (themselves enigmatic) or from the witness of great

writers: from Kafka, from Thomas Mann, from Broch and Celan.

If, nevertheless, one chooses to approach the enormities of "Hitler, Germans, and the Jewish Question" coolly, that is to say in accord with academic criteria of statistical, sociometric inquiry, the minimum requirement must be one of the most alert sensitivity to the philosophic and linguistic background, of a deep immersion in the human and intellectual context of the unspeakable or lunatic material. A book which, in a catalogue of those "whom historians have considered to be anti-Semites" simply lists Nietzsche, whose denunciations of antisemitism as "vulgar bestiality" are among the sharpest on record; which, if the uncertain grammar is to be understood, seems to regard Gerhart Hauptmann as a Jew; which, when it finally quotes an actual sentence in German, commits an elementary howler (does Professor Sarah Gordon know German?); and which refers to the famous *Rote Kapelle* without, so far as one can tell, knowing what this organization in fact was, is worse than inadequate. It demeans the humbling terror and demands of its subject. Add to this a constant, often uncritical reliance on secondary and published sources – Hitler's alleged inspection of "various killing apparatuses in a Polish extermination camp" in August 1942, though cited by Maser, has never, so far as I know, been

corroborated and does, for central psychological reasons, look highly unlikely – add to this also a pedestrian, thesis-like style and organization, with dutiful "summaries" at the end of every chapter, add, finally, a monographic bibliography which leaves out much of the best, eg, Peter Stern's subtle, scrupulous study of Hitler, and the temptation to discard the book altogether is strong.

Yet it should be resisted. Sarah Gordon has organized and synthesized valuable material, and in one case at least, she has turned up a previously unused primary source, a Gestapo file on individual opponents of racial persecution in the Düsseldorf district. She has, moreover, asked many of the right questions about the evolution of Nazi policies towards the Jews, about German responses to these policies, and about the attitudes of the churches in Germany. These questions have been asked often, but Gordon's answers are carefully collated. If they are neither novel nor surprising, this fact is, in its own way, a tribute to the dispassionate constraints of her study.

We learn that Nazis with a university education "were overrepresented among both mild and paranoid anti-Semites". Gordon is careful not even to raise the immense question this poses as to the elective affinities between the academic humanities on the one hand and the politics of the inhuman on the other. "Females", as they are referred to in the sociometric idiom of this survey, seem to have deployed "consistently higher levels of anti-Semitism" than men. Blue-collar workers appear to have been the social group most prone to supporting Nazi racial ideology and dictates. The roots of active Jew-hatred seem to lie, demographically, in the generation that came of political age prior to 1914 (if valid, this is a suggestive, fruitful insight). With a very few sterling exceptions, notably in the Confessing church, religious resistance to Nazi persecutions and massacres of Jews operated in all, they aimed to benefit only baptized Jews (a

peculiarly sordid and opportunistic touch). "Thus, for the non-converted Jews in Germany, both German churches may as well have been nonexistent as institutions." Just what Christianity thinks it is after Auschwitz does, to be sure, remind one of the great "taboo" questions in this later twentieth century.

These are valuable confirmations, lucidly presented. "Hitler's central role in the persecution and mass murder of Jews cannot be overestimated." This, too, is incontrovertible. Despite more or less deterministic theories of economic-social necessity, despite the notion that it could all have happened by more or less inadvertent tactical accident, the clear fact is that without Adolf Hitler there would not have been the Holocaust. It is Hitler's somnambular rhetorical genius which unleashed the logic and technology of homicidal madness. It is the ultimate "rationale" of Hitler's own antisemitism, of a purpose so unwavering that it preferred the loss of the war to the suspension, for even a few months, of the annihilation of Jewry, which defies adequate explanation. It lies, appalling, outside the grasp of a rational political science, if there is any such, and of an empirical or positivist psychology. As I have tried to show elsewhere, elements of an answer may be covert in Hitler's fitful imaginings about a Jewish "taint" in his own background and in his brilliant perception of the Jews as "the inventors of conscience", of those who, via the threefold imperative of monotheism, of Christ and of utopian Marxism, had sought to direct mankind towards intolerably abstract ideals of belief and of conduct. It is, paradoxically, the categories of the metaphysical, indeed of the theological, which may afford a reasonable access and idiom, if any such is available to our comprehension. The persona of Hitler, the experiences of devaluation he brought to man, are of the precise order of a *mysterium tremendum*. Goya's sketching of a cumulative normal curve.

In the peninsula

Evan Davies

JULIAN RATHBONE

Julian Rathbone, the first of the army of 1900s and returned home after Corunna and would remain unavailable for some time. The British Army's shortage of recent experience against good opposition was a weakness, especially early in the Peninsular Campaigns. Wellington had to nurse his army toward combat worthiness. His allies were in poor order too; the Spanish Army was very unreliable; the Portuguese army was under-strength, untrained and mutinous. The range of his activities was vast: he was commander of the British forces, of the Portuguese military as Marshal-General, and, as a Spanish Captain General, was Generalissimo during 1813. He combined the functions of battlefield commander, theatre commander, and, later, principal strategic adviser to the British government.

The idea of mining the mountain of correspondence from these Peninsular years in search of the real man is not new. Wellington's first editor, Colonel Gurwood tried, and so did the late Antony Brett-James. Julian Rathbone now writes that "The chief aim of this book is to entertain. I hope a second may also have been achieved; to demonstrate the largeness, subtlety and presence of Wellington's mind; the complexity and depth of his personality; and of course, his extraordinary capacity for work."

Mr Rathbone has written a splendidly entertaining book. However, there are three tests which should be applied to it: first, whether it conveys the reality of the man; second, whether it is reliable as an introduction to the subject for the layman; and third, whether it is complete. The first test it passes only partially, because the material which would make a complete picture of Wellington possible is not in the dispatches. Much of his work was done verbally; it is described elsewhere but not in the letters, and even when the discussion is conducted on paper, the absence of replies weakens Rathbone's exposition. An example of this is the way that the relative ranks issue is dealt with; Rathbone tells us that he finds it boring, but the key to Wellington's success was that he gave his attention to such matters.

In the second test Rathbone achieves a qualified pass: most of the story is sound. However,

in his anxiety to show the Duke's presence, he overstates the amount of long-term planning that went into the battle of Salamanca, and ignores some less present moments such as the indecision after that battle. There are also errors of fact, such as the claim that the Duke of Wellington was not present at the battle of Salamanca. The third test Rathbone fails, because his book ends at the moment of crossing the Franco-Spanish frontier, with the statement that Wellington's mission, to evict the French from Spain, was complete. This was not true, and had ceased to be the objective for which the Allies were fighting. It is a puzzle why the story ends six months before Toulouse.

With the saboteurs

Redmond O'Hanlon

PETER DICKENS
SAS, The Jungle Frontier: 22 Special Air Service in the Borneo campaign, 1963–1966
248pp. Arms and Armour Press. £11.95.
083568 597 5

Soon after its formation by David Stirling during the Desert War as a unit of behind-the-lines parachute-troop saboteurs, the SAS received a glowing reference. "These men are dangerous", wrote Adolf Hitler in a personal order. "They must be hunted down and destroyed at all costs."

By September 1944, General Browning, ADC to Montgomery, could tell the Regiment: "The operations you have carried out have had more effect in hastening the disintegration of the German Seventh and Fifth Armies than any other single effort in the army... You have done a job of work which no other troops in the world could have done." Yet a year later the SAS was disbanded; it was considered to be too orthodox and irregular and potent a unit for a peace-time army.

Reformed in response to the Emergency of 1950–59 in Malaya, the re-named 22 SAS fought with the greatest distinction in the mountains of Jebel Akhdar (1959), in Borneo (1963–1966), Aden (1964–1967), Dhofar (1970–1976) and the Falklands (1982); and since 1976 it has been active in Northern Ireland. The second edition of Tony Geraghty's masterly *Vho Dares Wins: the Special Air Service, 1930 to the Falklands* provides the best

general account of these campaigns but Peter Dickens's excellent book will now be essential reading for anyone who wishes to study this extraordinary regiment in the jungle, and at close quarters.

In Borneo, resisting the invasion of Malaysia by the Indonesians, chiefly supported by the Gurkhas, they moved initially into friendly villages along the border to act as reconnaissance troops. In a well-organized account which otherwise might easily have supported the Duke of Wellington's judgment on military history that "You might as well try to write the history of a ball as of a battle", Dickens traces the fortunes of many SAS forays. He is particularly good on the once-secret cross-border operations authorized by Denis Healey, which finally won the war. Wearing light kit and with heavy army prints moulded on to their boots the SAS made crucial reports on river-traffic behind enemy lines, on the positions of jungle forts and the directions of supply trails, and led the Gurkhas to ambush positions. Their devastating successes were never reported, for fear of forcing President Sukarno to commit more of his huge army to restoring his prestige; no civilians were killed and no bombing was ever allowed. At last, an Indonesian peace mission went to Kuala Lumpur led by Colonel Moerdani (whose life had been spared by an SAS penetration group not long before, because his mistress was with him on his military yacht) and Sukarno signed a peace-treaty with Malaysia on August 11, 1966.

SAS, The Jungle Frontier will be published in paperback by Fontana on July 26, at £2.50.

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Adding another dimension

Sarah Hayes

MARGARET MAHY
The Changeover: A supernatural romance
 214pp. Dent. £6.95.
 0460 061534

Adding a subtitle to a novel often unsettles the reader and prompts questions about the author's intentions. Is there some uncertainty in the author's mind? Is he explaining or even apologizing for some unexpected element in the novel? Margaret Mahy is a thoughtful writer, and her subtitle, though quite unnecessary, reveals a great deal about her intentions.

The word "supernatural" assumes a normal or natural state of things into which the supernatural intrudes. Nothing could be superficially more normal than the setting for *The Changeover*. Laura is a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl living on a rough modern estate (the Gardendale subdivision of an unnamed New Zealand city) with Kate, her chaotic divorced mother, and Jacko, her three-year-old brother. Laura's relationship with Kate is prickly, but intimate and highly articulate. When Jacko falls desperately ill, both Kate and Laura become involved with boyfriends: at a time when they might have cut themselves off from life outside the family, the world seems about to rush in on them.

Above and beyond this true-to-life scenario is Laura's sense of a supernatural dimension. She has had warnings about events in the past, and has learnt to recognize the signs. She knows, for example, that the good-looking blond prefect at school, Sorensen (Sorry) Carlisle, is really a witch. She knows too that when Jacko's hand is stamped by the new owner of the dead spirit shop, Carmody Braque, the mark dead spirit will feed on the vitality of those without inhabiting their bodies. Laura realizes that the only way to save Jacko is for her to undergo a "changeover" and call forth her own latent powers of witchcraft.

Twelve pages of phantasmagoria cover the

changeover, which is enacted in the Carlisle bathroom. Laura travels from a strangely altered school yard through fairytale forests on to a universal dream landscape, with the enigmatic legend TAM HTAB drifting in an out of her consciousness until the process is complete and the BATH MAT reappears. Margaret Mahy can lapse into whimsy, but this voyage through the mind is sustained remarkably well, punctuated as it is by the third element in her novel, the romantic.

Throughout her trance, Laura is aware of Sorensen Carlisle's physical presence. Sorry, several years older than Laura, is distracted by the body Laura herself has not yet had and yet learnt to feel comfortable with. The knowledge of a sexual aspect to the bond between them confuses both boy and girl. That adolescent mixture of confusion and elation, desire and guilt, is handled with tact and delicacy, yet it remains a very powerful force in the novel.

After the changeover Laura marks Carmody Braque with her own stamp, a happy smiling face, and Jacko is hauled back from death. Braque's dying paean to the beauty of youthful flesh complements the tentative physicality of the teenagers. The double aspect of things—man and beast, and evil, young and old—intimates Margaret Mahy. In the manner of all good supernaturalists, her stories always have a perfectly possible rational explanation. This one could be about the products of a young girl's fevered imagination during a period of physical and emotional turmoil; or about the influence of a boy traumatized by a cruel foster father and years of psychotherapy; or about a miracle cure, a single parent, and a dirty old man. These explanations are never offered, merely there for the reader to think about if he chooses.

It is rare to find a novel which captures so outside. Readers who have grown up with Margaret Mahy will recognize here that land of infinite possibilities, discovered "out there" so many years ago by the boy who might or might not have been in the meadow.



A situation comedy for children. David McKee's new picture book *The Hill and the Rock* (Andersen, £4.95, 086264 0261), features a beleaguered couple, Mr and Mrs Quest. The story is an original mixture of basic engineering and metaphysics, held together by McKee's brightly coloured domestic scenarios.

A holiday romance

Nicholas Tucker

CATHERINE STORR
Two's Company
 128pp. Patrick Hardy. £5.95.
 07444 00392

The action of *Two's Company* takes place during a family holiday in the Dordogne, where two sisters, Kathy and Claire, meet Val and Steve, two male undergraduates working on a vacation job. Claire falls for Steve and sleeps with him; Kathy falls for Val but, as befits a younger sister still at the O level stage, has as yet no such ambitions. This is just as well, since all the time Val is secretly in love with the feckless Steve. The girls' parents, meanwhile, are going through a transitional period (Dad is in love with another woman back home; Mum former times, which would have revolved round the discovery of a new cave painting or the unmaking of a band of crooked wine-merchants, but none the worse for that; descriptions of complex inner emotions can be just as gripping, and in the context of real-life holidays with older adolescents, often nearer the mark.

What goes wrong? For one thing, the writing itself is tired and repetitive. Early on two identical phrases occur within a page of each other, both referring to personal style during disco-dancing: an example of carelessness unlikely to be missed by younger readers. Kathy's earnest heart-searchings become tedious, and even the laconic Val begins to hold forth self-importantly: "Plato—he was a Greek philosopher—had

the idea that when the world was first made, we were all round balls". A touch of Pinter in all this verbiage would have worked wonders. The plot is also weak. The final climax tails off into bathos. Kathy's discovery of Steve's indifference to her sister (and the love of Val for Steve) is engineered by a clumsy device, when Kathy, hidden behind some maize plants, just happens to overhear a crucial conversation.

Kathy's gradual acceptance of the unbridgeable sexual distance between herself and Val is better done, although Val's homosexuality, explained here in terms of his solitary, split-up childhood, is seen as bringing him more misery than anything else: as he says himself, "Gay . . . is not exactly the word I would have chosen". The portrayal of homosexuality as an unhappy aberration may offend readers looking for something less regretful about this way of life, and the values suggested require more since they appear here dressed up as doses of home psychiatry. Even so, Val obstinately remains a real person in all this, neither a symbol nor a camp stereotype. If he is unhappy, so too are other characters who experience sexual incompatibilities in their own lives.

Insights such as these and the tone of sympathy without sentimentality make *Two's Company* a moving story, its heart in the right place even if its construction occasionally creaks. There is no disgrace in recommending a novel, particularly to young readers, for what it has to say rather than for how it says it. Teachers and librarians looking for a book that treats the subject of homosexuality with proper compassion have now found one, even though better attempts are bound to follow.

Everyday lives

Ann Martin

ELAINE MOSS and CELIA BERRIDGE
The Peter Pipers series
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 0340 338091
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 Illustrated by Michael Charlton
 Hodder and Stoughton. £1.95 each.

To cater for the demand from the still relatively new pre-school market—the structure of a playgroup makes more formal demands than haphazard storytelling at mother's knee—a quantity of books has appeared, designed to be read to a group or used by a parent in preparation for primary school. Both these series deal with everyday life: small children seem endlessly fascinated by the minutiae of their existence and these should suit them well.

The Peter Pipers' foursome (*The Peter Pipers' Birthday Party* 0 233 97565 9; . . . *at the Fair* 0 233 97556 X; . . . *in the Garden* 0 233 97563 2; . . . *at the Wildlife Park* 0 233 97565 9) is perhaps the better fitted for use in a group, rather than at home. They are very ordinary

little tales; eight children in turn visit a wildlife park and a fair, play in the garden and share a birthday party. Each page of text has three or four short sentences, the last one always a question. Facing them are simply drawn pictures of possible answers: children are invited to "look and see", by opening out a double-page illustrating the real answer. The simplicity of the format could be deceptive to the casual eye: one should, however, appreciate the skill Elaine Moss has brought to the construction of these little books with their simple language, continuity of thought and effective repetition of key words. The detail in the pictures is good, giving plenty of scope for discussion, although the human figures are rather doll-like and lifeless.

Parents may well prefer Alison Coles' series as the books have a longer text and tell more of a story. Each deals with an occasion that can give rise to fear or at least anxiety—the first day at school, a visit to hospital with a knee requiring stitches, the first train journey alone, and, best illustrated of the four, a boy afraid of the dark. His anxiety, reflected in the impressionistic pictures in stippled greys, browns and blues, and his growing fears are only relieved when the light is switched on and ghostly shapes are seen for the normal objects they really are. Throughout the series, Michael Charlton's drawings are extremely good, realistic and lively.

Scribal discriminations

Basil Cottle

DEREK PEARSALL (Editor)
Manuscripts and Readers in Fifteenth-Century England: The literary implications of manuscript study
 146pp. Woodbridge: D. S. Brewer. £22.50.
 085991 1489

Manuscripts and Readers in Fifteenth-Century England is formed of nine out of twelve papers delivered at a conference in York in July 1981, to which are added an introduction by Derek Pearsall and a valediction by A. I. Doyle. The focus was on manuscripts, and here the principal stated concern is with setting a text "in the context of the manuscript" and therefore with "the literary implications of manuscript study". Fortunately, the poetic composition involved is not in general of the fifteenth century but of its illustrious predecessor. The book demonstrates the great new importance of York as a centre for medieval English studies, the organizational genius of Professor Pearsall and the bold publishing policy of Derek Brewer. It is beautifully coordinated; the editor paradoxically deplores critical editions and upholds the "interfering and meddling scribes" as "our first literary critics", along with the early illustrators and their "authentic primary response". Part of the costs of publication were met, amazingly, from an F. R. Leavis Fund.

First, Julia Boffey justifies her task of assembling all 400 of the fifteenth-century texts of Courtney Love lyrics out of sixty manuscripts. She calls them "chameleons"—exquisitely courtly in one manuscript context, exquisitely clerkly in another. Were English courtly lyrics, she asks, thought of as a genre? (Was anything?) Certainly, as reading-matter the only vogue was for French lyrics, and she does not see music as the catalyst for all the splinter groups in the two languages.

Then A. S. G. Edwards, who has edited the *Canterbury Tales*, and the pliant fellow's list of patrons; but the Lydgate canon is so insecure—and since MacCracken (1910) it has been attacked by "disintegrationist termite". He is shown to have had a broader spectrum of readers than any other medieval English writer, including Chaucer, and a list of manuscripts where the two are fused or swapped would be a critical document, as is the examination here of the

problem of John Shirley as "publisher". I enjoyed the ambiguity: "Lydgate's manuscripts merit . . . study . . . not because he is a great poet [my italics], but because of his great popularity and influence."

Kate Harris is interesting on the way scribes sought to normalize Gower by "a kind of semantic end-stopping"; they panic when a verb doesn't turn up quickly enough, bloat lines to clarify them, make their original look quite sophisticated and don't appreciate some types of his rhymes; above all, six lines rhyming *overthrowethrowe stondeunderstonde* and *regne* (noun and verb) are put "right" at the cost of five broken-backed lines. Yet these were Gower's first critics: this is the "virtue of bad texts".

Lesley Lawton, with illustrations in support, and using principally Lydgate's *Troy Book*, considers what manuscript pictures were for. Were the really luxurious books ever read? She shows that the miniatures offer a reading of the text to be judged from their placing and their subject-matter. C. W. Marx is sound on the drossy material he uses in his article on narrative-linking and on textual integrity, but no argument is ever improved by the word "seem", as in "It seems in some way to be significant that the two texts should appear together in five manuscripts and seem not to appear independently in any other manuscripts", and "it would seem that an edition which presented the texts together would reflect what seems to have been . . .". Carol Meale's article on Harley 2252 is the loveliest, and eked out with judicious plates; she excellently sums up the value of studying such a compilation. Her John Colyns is nicely matched by John J. Thompson's Robert Thornton, in an article more searching but harder to read. Jeremy Smith is good on the linguistic features of some manuscripts—especially Trinity College, Cambridge, B. 1.2—and

Thomas Turville-Petre, having quoted the *Gawain* poems as an outstanding example of literature almost without context, goes on to use his cleverly discovered poem of Sir John Berkeley (yet another hunt-before-revelation poem) and other North-East Midlands manuscripts to build up what Dr Doyle inspiringly commends at the end: a body of knowledge of local families, scribes, tastes, monasteries and "schools" of writers.

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Correll Barnett's book *The Desert Generals* has recently been reissued in an enlarged edition.
 Robin Briggs is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.
 Hugh Brogan is the author of *The Life of Arthur Ransome*, 1983.
 Richard Brown is co-editor of *The James Joyce Broadsheet*.
 M. F. Burnyeat is Lawrence Professor-elect of Ancient Philosophy at the University of Cambridge.
 Basil Cottle's books include *The Triumph of English: 1350-1400*, 1969.
 Evan Davies is senior lecturer at Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.
 Dennis Deleant's *Colloquial Romanian* was published last year.
 Robert Donington's books include *Baroque Music: Style and performance*, 1982.
 Samuel V. Edgerton's *Pictures and Punishment: Art and criminal prosecution during the Florentine Renaissance* will be published later this year.
 D. J. Enright's collection of essays, *A Mania for Sentences*, was published last year.
 Norman Gash's books include *St Robert Peel*, 1972.
 Brian Gnanville writes on football in *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*.
 Donald Gould was medical correspondent of the *New Statesman*, 1966-78.
 J. N. Gray's *Hayek on Liberty* was published earlier this year.
 Judith Greene's books include *Thinking and Language*, 1975.
 Marc Jordan is working on a study of *Edmé Bouchardon*.
 Julie Kavanagh is ballet critic of *The Spectator*.
 Hugh Kenner's *Modern Irish Writers* was published last year.
 Peter Marshall is Professor of American History at the University of Manchester.
 Charles Martindale has edited *Virgil and His Influence: Bimillennial studies*, to be published later this year.
 Thomas McKeown's *Medicine in Modern Society* was published in 1965.
 Dervin Murphy's most recent book is *Eight Feet in the Andes*, 1983.
 Richard Ollard's *Peppys: A biography* was reissued as a paperback last month.
 Anthony Phillips is Fellow and Chaplain of St John's College, Oxford.
 George Rousseau is the editor of *The Letters and Papers of Sir John Hill*, 1982.
 Carol Rumens's collection of poems *Star Whisper* was published last year.
 Christopher Shackleton is Reader in Modern Languages of South Asia at the University of London.
 A. J. Sherman's books include *Island Refuge: Britain and refugees from the Third Reich 1933-1939*, 1973.
 C. H. Stimson's translation of *The Divine Comedy* was published in 1980.
 George Steiner's *Antigones* was published last month.
 John Whale will be Head of Religious Programmes for BBC Television from September 1984.
 Arnold Whitall is Professor of Musical Theory and Analysis at King's College, London.
 C. M. Woodhouse's autobiography, *Something Ventured*, appeared in 1982.
 Adrian Woodbridge is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

Patriots lost

Peter Marshall

GREGORY PALMER (Editor)
A Bibliography of Loyalist Source Material in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain
 1,064 pp. Meckler, 3 Henrietta Street, London WC2E 8JQ. £103.50.
 0930466 268

The Loyalists vie with the Jacobites for recognition as adherents of the least successful eighteenth-century British cause; their failure may seem the greater in that it has not, in contrast to that of their rivals, been mitigated by the provision of historical accounts sufficiently sympathetic to sustain some support. In recent years the Loyalists have begun to receive their due, but any prospect of an endorsement of their stand remains unlikely. Given the will, however, this bibliography edited by Gregory Palmer indicates that a way might be found.

The dispersion of the Loyalists after the American Revolution reduced their role to one of unimportance in Britain, suspect infidelity in the United States and provincial obscurity in British North America. Bereft of leadership, dependent upon pensions and belated compensation, sustaining past antipathies but lacking present purposes, the Loyalists and their cause largely passed from view. They took refuge where they could in the Caribbean, in Africa and on both sides of the Atlantic, their sense of identity often threatened by the struggle for survival. Defeat removed their history from national bounds. The recovery, locating and listing of sources which would permit the Loyalist story to be told, therefore required international cooperation, and led to the establishment in 1968 of Canadian, American and British committees to undertake the task. The Canadian and American materials thus found

the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*. The British source materials, and the guide to Loyalist papers held in the Public Record Office, are published for the first time.

Future research on the Loyalists must begin by reference to this work. It cannot, however, be regarded as either a complete or perfectly organized assembly of Loyalist materials. The styles of the three national committees are not identical and their findings have not been correlated: reference will be found, for example, to copies of Canadian materials held in American libraries, whose presence in the original is not indicated under the appropriate Canadian entry. This reflects a greater difficulty, one posed by the very differing degree of detail in which the contents of collections are indicated. In many cases it would seem that the length of the description is in inverse proportion to the size of the collection.

The sizeable British contribution flatters to deceive: the list of national holdings owes much, as is pointed out, to *A Guide to Manuscripts Relating to America in Great Britain and Ireland* recently compiled by John W. Raimo. The calendar of Public Record Office materials traverses much the same ground as K. G. Davies's *Documents of the American Revolution 1770-1783* (reviewed in the *TLS*, February 12, 1982). This section of the bibliography offers, therefore, a convenient assembly of materials rather than a major addition to available information.

The benefits of the volume must be set against a cost which may well inhibit institutional, let alone individual, acquisition. This consideration must both impede research and withhold recognition of the valuable work undertaken by national committees whose harmonious relations stand in striking contrast to those of the individuals and events they investigated. If there is now proof that the Loyalists have not been forgotten they may still, in their bibliographical celebration, remain hard to find.

Steven Swann Jones's *Folklore and Literature in the United States: An annotated bibliography of folklore in American literature* (262pp. Garland, \$29. 0 8240 9186 8); recently published, lists studies of elements of folklore that appear in the work of writers ranging, alphabetically, from Edward Albee and Louis May Alcott to Thomas Wolfe and Richard Wright.

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